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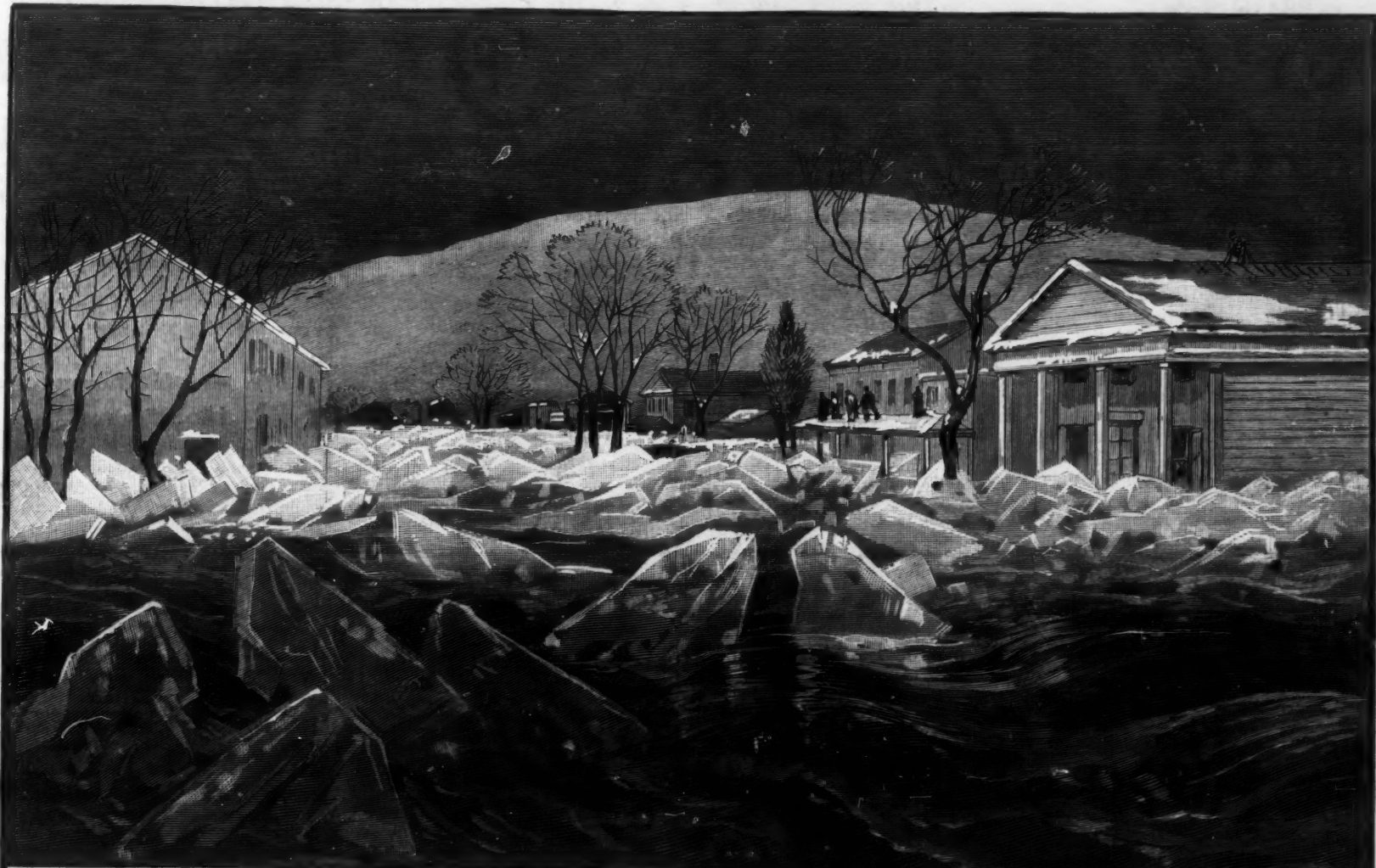


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MARKETING UNDER DIFFICULTIES—A STORE INTERIOR.

NEW YORK.—BREAK-UP OF THE ICE-JAM IN THE DELAWARE RIVER—THE ICE PASSING THROUGH THE MAIN STREET OF COCHECTON.

FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 23.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 26, 1887.

THE PRESIDENT AND MR. MANNING.

IT is impossible not to suspect that there is a good deal of insincerity in the expressions of mutual appreciation made by the President and Secretary Manning in the correspondence concerning the resignation of the latter. It is very generally believed that the real reason Mr. Manning resigns is not his health, for it requires no better health to run the Treasury than to successfully found a bank, but that it is precisely that which appears on the face of the President's letter accepting the resignation, *viz.*, that the President declines to recognize the Secretary as being in any way the author of the President's promotion, and as therefore entitled to a peculiar special influence, at least to the extent of being permitted to control in person the appointments incident to his office, which he has never hitherto done.

The President at the outset of his term wounded the self-respect of Samuel J. Tilden, Daniel Manning, Smith M. Weed, Hubert O. Thompson, and every other leading Democratic politician in New York or elsewhere, who had co-operated in giving him the vote of the State, by serving notice upon them all that gratitude and reciprocity had no part in politics, and that none of them could so much as name a postmaster; but that the mill of official appointment must stop running until Mr. Cleveland could make all the appointments at a time and in a way to bind each appointee to himself. The local appointments in Albany were given to Mr. Manning's most persistent enemy. President Cleveland's spirit in doing this was indicated by his remarking with a chuckle and a gleeful laugh that nearly shut his eyes with merriment: "They don't call the Albany appointments Manning's appointments any more, do they?" This process of strangling was applied with equal effect to Mr. Tilden, who asked in vain for the appointment of Smith M. Weed as Collector of the Port of New York; and to Hubert O. Thompson, who was permitted to place his friends in office, but not to go into office himself.

Now, while from the Mugwump standpoint in politics such a caution on the part of the President was necessary, because Thompson, Manning, and possibly Tilden, might at some time be suspected of having touched political bitumen with their fingers; yet it is an equivocal virtue that leads one to stand on the shoulders of rascals in order to rise to the handling of political chickens, and then to say to those on whose shoulders he depends, "I would give each of you a pullet, but, then, I must be absolutely pure, you know."

In this way Mr. Cleveland has declined to recognize any relation of cause and effect between the services of his friends and his own promotion. He has practically said to them: "You thought you were playing with me as your card. I will teach you that I was playing with you as my cards. And to prove that fact I will play my next game with a new pack."

It is this policy of the President, to get rid of the old cards and substitute an entire new pack of his own prior to the holding of the next National Convention, which, under the euphemism of "Civil Service Reform," has given rise to the standing rage of the Democratic party at his entire Administration. In the party view, Mr. Manning was squeezed out because he was not sufficiently a creation of the President's to be willing to supply all the subserviency essential to obtain office without any of the ambition for real power involved in the independent possession of its opportunities. He was neither a partner, adviser, nor dividend-drawer, though he supplied nearly all the brains and will-power, and no small share of the capital required for the enterprise, the President contributing only his reticence, his obscurity, his powers of absorption and his luck. Thus the time had come when the President and his ladder must part. The ladder is therefore shoved from under, and the President is up the tree. The ladder politely says: "Considered as a ladder, I think I will take a rest!" The President replies: "Considered as a ladder, you have my thanks. Rather than admit that you have been more or less than just a convenient ladder, I will provide myself with another ladder by the 1st of April, until which time please remain. Also permit me to express the hope that in any new post to which you may be called, your merits as a ladder for others will be as conspicuous as they have here been in my behalf." So the President and Mr. Manning part on as good terms as the gormand who eats an orange parts with the rind which he throws away.

BELGIUM IN THE WAR.

THE speculations as to the Belgian neutrality in the case of war between France and Germany can scarcely be treated with seriousness. The perfect helplessness of the little kingdom between its two mighty neighbors is not more apparent than the indifference of Europe to the fate of countries which are not strong enough to protect themselves. If the war breaks out, and it suits Germany or France to move against her

enemy through Belgium, she will move, without regard to right or protest or the feeble opposition of the little Belgian Army. Help from abroad in such a case there will be none. There may be expressions of regret in the British Parliament, but nothing more.

Mrs. Browning's fine line in the "Court Lady,"

"Happy are all free peoples too strong to be dispossessed,"

sounds almost like the voice of fate for the small nations of Europe. There is no safety for any one of them, since what is called the public law of Europe means only that no one smaller people shall be absorbed by a great nation, unless the other great nations also get their victims. Neither England nor Russia will interfere to save Belgium from being overrun, because England and Russia are played off against each other; while Austria and Italy have too many causes of anxiety nearer home to allow them to show more than a platonic goodwill to the Belgians.

It will make, perhaps, no great difference to the sufferer whether the invasion comes from France or from Germany, though the former would be less unwelcome. It is the after-state of Belgium, when the war shall have been fought out, that gives concern. Whatever else happens, it is more than likely that the independence of Holland and of Denmark will go down, as well as that of Belgium, in the convulsion that is at hand; and to what right mind does not such a result seem like a return to the Dark Ages?

THE WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION.

THE twentieth annual exhibition of the American Water-color Society at the Academy of Design is a very satisfactory one—as good in its average of excellence, perhaps, as that of any previous year. The number of pictures on the walls, 656, is smaller than in some former exhibitions, but these have been selected from about 1,400 works that were offered, and a wise conservatism has evidently been exercised in making the choice. This is shown in the small number of really poor pictures that have been hung. It is interesting to notice with what interest these exhibitions of the Water-color Society are looked forward to by the public, and how large a percentage of the works on view find purchasers before the close of the season. There are several reasons for this. Some of our best artists have learned to express themselves with peculiar freedom and force in this medium, and to display more individuality and originality, both in the choice of subject and in the manner of treatment, than when they are using oils. Besides this, and the comparatively moderate cost of works in water color, there is something very attractive to the general visitor in the first impression of such an exhibition. As one enters the galleries, the effect is very pleasing. The characteristic qualities of water colors, their purity and delicacy, their peculiarly luminous quality, their special fitness for the representation of atmospheric effects, of skies and extreme distances, all these are apparent in the general impression which, at first sight, this exhibition makes upon the visitor. It is like walking in full view of some broad expanse of pleasant field and hill and valley, with glimpses of ocean and river here and there, while in every direction a new phase of beauty meets the eye, and picturesque figures are seen in the landscape. One is surrounded by a cheerful, sunny atmosphere. It is a charming world to look upon and to dwell in for a season. For the most part, the water-colorists choose agreeable subjects for their pictures, painting Nature in her smiling moods, and men and women when pleasantly employed, and leaving the gloomy landscape and the harsher actions of individuals to be depicted in another and more appropriate medium.

In the works to be seen in this season's exhibition, the older artists whose names have become especially identified with this charming branch of pictorial art are well represented, and there are also a large number of newcomers of more or less merit. Among the landscape-painters, Mr. A. H. Wyant, Mr. J. F. Murphy, Mr. Henry Farrer, Mr. C. M. Dewey and Mr. Bruce Crane show how well the poetry and the beauty of Nature can be depicted by an art that is as subtle and tender in its varied manifestations as is the sentiment of the scenes they portray. Mr. R. M. Shurtleff, as usual, is represented by the woodland scenes in which his facility and truthfulness in this direction are so admirably shown; Mr. M. F. H. De Haas and Mr. J. C. Nicoll contribute some excellent marine and coast scenes, and Miss Kathleen Greatorex a striking composition of still life. Many of the figure pieces are excellent. Mr. J. Alden Weir's "Consolation," Mr. George W. Maynard's "Sea Witch," Mr. John Lafarge's "Sleep," and Mr. Hamilton Hamilton's "A Tramp," are among the most notable. In other directions, such as flower pieces and animal pictures, there is some satisfactory work. In fact, the various capabilities of this beautiful form of art are well illustrated in the different departments of the exhibition, and they seem to be appreciated and enjoyed by the public.

THE CHILD WORKERS OF NEW YORK.

SINCE modern philanthropists began to occupy themselves with various plans for ameliorating the condition of the poor, no phase of this great problem has received more attention than the treatment of children. In this we have "pointed with pride" to legislation

making attendance at school compulsory, to legislation forbidding the employment of children below a certain age, and to the existence of a multitude of "juvenile homes," asylums and protectories. But our self-satisfaction does not seem to be justified by the facts. The system of asylums, etc., in New York, has been justly criticised by Mrs. Lowell as furnishing occasion for irresponsible speculation on the one hand, and encouragement of helpless dependence and pauperism on the other. As regards legal protection of child workers, the New York and other Legislatures have fixed the limit of labor at thirteen years. The last census report cheered confiding philanthropists by stating that out of 56,000,000 people, only 24,000 children under the proper age were employed in factories and other occupations. But statistics are not always reliable, and laws are not always stringently applied. Parents do not tell the truth regarding the age of their children, and two inspectors can scarcely be expected to examine thoroughly all the thousands of factories in New York State. Moreover, the law does not apply to mercantile establishments, nor to trades carried on in tenement-houses; and such labor, according to Mrs. Helen Campbell, is draining the vitality of 9,000 children under twelve years of age in the City of New York alone.

Custom has blunted the susceptibilities of shoppers, and they seldom have a thought for the little cashgirls who spend days on their feet, running to and fro in hot, crowded stores like the great bazaars along Sixth Avenue. This particular evil may cure itself by the substitution of mechanical appliances. Much more distressing are the cases of tenement-house labor cited by Mrs. Campbell in the *Tribune*. She has found that "for a large proportion of the women visited, among whom all forms of the clothing industry were the occupation, children under ten, and more often from four to eight, were valuable assistants." Her descriptions are most pathetic. She found these children sewing on buttons, picking out threads, and doing similar work, all day long and into the evening, in the stifling tenement-house rooms, crouching at their tasks, silent, haggard and almost overcome with sleep. But still worse was to come in tenements where cigar-makers huddle together and strive for bread. Trades unions have "declared" this work, and prohibitive legislation has been attempted; but here is one of Mrs. Campbell's discoveries:

"A room, twelve by fourteen, held a family of seven persons, three under ten. Tobacco lay in piles on the floor, and under the long table where cigars were rolled, its rank smell dominating that from the sinks and from the general filth. Two of the children sat on the floor stripping the leaves, and another on a small stool. A girl of twenty sat near them, and all alike had sores on lips and cheeks and on the hands. Children from five and six years up can be taught to strip, and thus add to the week's income. . . . Over 9,000 women are engaged in this work, and an almost equal, but unregistered, number of young children sharing it with them. . . . Their babies crawl about in the filth on the wet floors, playing with the damp tobacco and breathing the poison. . . . In this one house nearly thirty children of all ages and sizes, babies predominating, rolled in the tobacco which covered the floor and was piled in every direction, and thirteen children under ten were strippers, and did their day's work of ten hours and more."

These are but examples taken from two trades, but the picture is likely to shock the complacency of the self-satisfied philanthropist. Think of the physical and moral degeneracy which results from tenement-house cigar-making alone! Huddled together and made nervous and excitable as these children are, no wonder that "the child of eight or ten is as gross and confirmed an offender as the full-grown man or woman." This murder of soul and body can and must be stopped by legislative interference. A lady physician laboring among the poor found 535 working children under twelve in eighteen months, and of this number only 60 were healthy.

The compulsory-education law, when obeyed, simply means double work for fourteen weeks of the year, and perhaps it is better for the children when it is evaded, as is often done. We must recognize the fact, not only of the employment of 9,000 very young children in factories, but of uncounted thousands in tenement-houses, forced into the struggle for bread. And if their present suffering is appalling, what shall be said of the awful results to be shown in the next generation? This is a difficult problem, for child labor in many cases is due, not to greed, but to the necessity of getting a living. The problem will not be worked out in our time, for it involves such general amelioration of the lot of the poor as human selfishness will most reluctantly permit. But legislation can do something, and the child workers of New York should be protected by sanitary and other laws, which must be efficiently and thoroughly carried out.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

THE "American Geographical Society Bulletin, No 2, 1886," a handsome pamphlet of eighty-six pages, contains an Address on the Nicaragua Canal by Commander H. C. Taylor, United States Navy; the "Hudson Bay Company, 1670-1870," by Dr. George E. Ellis, President of the Massachusetts Historical Society; and "Geographical Notes," by Geo. C. Hurlbut. The strong paper of the number is undoubtedly Commander Taylor's Address. This notices incidentally the other enterprises for opening an interoceanic communication, but without prejudice and with full recognition of the facts in each case. It is admitted that a canal may be cut through any isthmus, for engineering skill is equal to any demand upon it; but Commander Taylor shows that the Nicaragua route presents no serious obstacle to be overcome,

while it possesses an inestimable advantage in the grand fresh-water lake, with its lofty islands rising above the fever-line into the pure air of perpetual Spring, and its ninety miles of water-way.

The United States Surveying Expedition under Civil Engineer A. G. Menocal, sent out in 1885, laid down the line of a canal with no more than seven locks, and sunk borings to learn the quality of the cube to be extracted, and, wherever this could not be done, estimated as for solid rock, and for a canal longer than that at Suez; and the report, published last year, places the total cost at \$51,000,000. Commander Taylor increases this estimate to \$75,000,000, in order to afford a liberal margin for incidental and unforeseen expenses. He puts the traffic at the very moderate figure of 5,000,000 tons a year; and the tolls on this amount at \$2.50 a ton, the average rate by the Suez Canal, would give an income of \$12,500,000. The yearly expenses for working and maintenance are estimated at \$500,000. Viewed simply as a business investment, the Nicaragua Canal is attractive enough; but it has other claims to the favorable consideration of the people. It is an American enterprise, and, if built, it will be controlled by American national and political ideas. It will assure to Americans, in peace or war, a free passage from coast to coast of their country; and when it is considered what this implies, it will be seen that the importance of this enterprise can scarcely be overestimated.

THE HIGH-LICENSE BILL.

WE have offered at last in New York a sound and feasible plan for restricting the arrogant rule of the liquor power. We refer to the High-license Bill introduced at Albany, and opposed by a powerful rum lobby and by rum politicians, with whom, strange to say, many prohibitionists have joined hands in a most unholy alliance. After all, we have to remember that upon other occasions the rum-sellers have profited by mistaken zeal, and found in prohibitionists their most helpful friends. But we earnestly trust that this will not be carried so far at Albany as to defeat the scheme in question. Advocates of temperance and of total abstinence, of license and prohibition, agree in regarding rum as the common enemy. The time is critical. Those who are willing to lose the battle on account of differing opinions regarding methods, deserve, and will receive, political condemnation.

We commend to the gentlemen at Albany the consideration of a liquor-saloon chart of the Second Assembly District, prepared by the Church Temperance Society, and published in the *Evening Post*. This is not the worst district in the city, but the number of saloons shown in the black spots on the chart is appalling. Whole blocks are practically given up to them, and scarcely a block is without them. There is 1 to every 16 voters, or 1 to every 96 of the population. In all there are 499. In the First Assembly District there are 984, against 88 stores. This means 1 saloon to every 7 voters, or 1 to every 42 of the population. We ask every thinking man to ponder the significance of these figures, and reflect upon the waste, misery and moral and political corruption which they represent. Take the city as a whole. There are 8,688 saloons and 240,948 voters. The average ratio for the city of licensed and unlicensed saloons to voters is 1 to 23, and to population 1 to 138. As the *Post* remarks, putting each family at 6 persons, we have every 23 families sustaining by their patronage the twenty-fourth in the liquor business. Of all the taxes borne by the poor, this is the most intolerable. There is not a single district in which the ratio of saloons to population does not exceed the limit proposed by the Excise Board, 1 to 500.

These 8,688 saloons include 104 hotels, 811 beer saloons, and 7,773 out-and-out liquor saloons, which are truly called dens of social and political iniquity. Looking at these figures, it is easy to appreciate the fact that rum controls New York city politics. The time has come for aggressive action, if the social, moral and political welfare of the country's metropolis is not to be surrendered to the tyranny of rum. Every sane man knows that prohibition is impossible, whether it be desirable or not. High-license is a blow at the groggeries. It will reduce their number, and thereby lessen temptation. The taxpayer should remember that, according to the estimate of the liquor-sellers themselves, it will increase the revenue from licenses at least a million dollars. And its moral influence will be powerful for good. This is not a political measure, but it has the support of the best men of both parties. Despite the rum lobby, we do not see how the Legislature can dare to kill the High-license Bill.

A NEW INDIAN POLICY PROPOSED.

STRENUOUS efforts have been put forth within the last few years to amend and improve the laws relating to the management of the various Indian tribes, so as to protect them in their rights and raise them as rapidly as possible to the level of American citizenship. The problem has been studied by statesmen and philanthropists, and extensively discussed both by the secular and religious Press, and by various missionary bodies. The motives of those who have taken part in these discussions, if we except those who profit by existing abuses, are certainly not to be questioned, and it is a popular impression that much has already been accomplished towards the establishment of a sound and righteous Indian policy. To mention the names of the philanthropists who have taken part in these reformatory efforts would be superfluous, and it would be most strange if nothing had been thereby accomplished, and it were necessary now to sweep away the whole existing system and take a new start.

And yet this seems to be the view entertained by the Boston Indian Citizenship Committee, which proposes that the present Indian Bureau, with all its machinery of clerks, agents, inspectors, etc., shall be abolished, and all control of Indian affairs be taken away from the Interior Department. All the property of the Indians, in the way of funds and annuities and the obligations of the Government to furnish agricultural implements and seeds, is to be placed in the hands of one Trustee for each reservation, who is to be appointed by the United States Circuit Court within whose jurisdiction the reservation is situated. The Indian is to be given all the civil rights which an American citizen has, save the right to sell his land, that matter being acceptably covered by Senator Dawes's Land in Severalty Bill. If all works well, the right to vote is to follow later. As the head of the new civil government a Commissioner is to be appointed for each reservation by the Circuit Court. This Commissioner is to hold criminal and civil terms of court at least once in each month, wherein such cases as may arise under his jurisdiction are to be tried. He is also to have jurisdic-

tion over the Trustee, to audit his accounts, remove him for cause, etc. The law which prohibits an Indian from trading with any white man save a post-trader licensed by the Indian Bureau, and consequently makes him the helpless victim of gigantic swindling schemes, is to be repealed. The present Indian schools on the reservations, which are pronounced nearly worthless, are to be turned over to the Superintendent of Education in the State or Territory in which the reservation is situated, who shall have authority to appoint teachers, supervise, and see that the money provided for the support of the schools is properly expended.

It is claimed as one of the merits of this plan that it will cost less than one-fourth of the amount now expended, and that the Indians under it will receive the full benefit of their property and rights. The scheme, which has no doubt been carefully devised, was fully explained a few days since by Professor James H. Thayer, of the Harvard Law School. T. H. Tibbals, and his wife, known as "Bright Eyes," are working earnestly in its behalf, and it will be presented to the next Congress backed by influences which it is hoped will secure its adoption. But a measure so radical is sure to encounter serious obstacles. Senator Dawes, than whom the Indian has no truer friend, is said to have "smiled sardonically" over some of the proposed arrangements. He said the scheme seemed to him based on theoretic rather than practical knowledge of the problem. To do away with the whole Indian Bureau would be to disestablish a system under which much good work has been done. He was well enough satisfied with the present system. But the new scheme has strong backing, and will be earnestly pushed.

AFFAIRS IN RUSSIA.

A MOSCOW correspondent, who seems to be well informed on Russian affairs, gives an outline of the condition and prospects of trade and manufactures in that country, which, considered with other drawbacks and difficulties of the Government, is not calculated to add to the equanimity of the Czar. "Manufacturing," he says, "although not diminishing in volume, has continued to lag for the past three years." Much of this depression is attributed to a continuation of antiquated methods of industry. Enterprise is not one of the leading characteristics of the Russian manufacturing or commercial capitalist, and even the Government is by no means prompt in taking advantage of the facilities within easy reach. The remuneration for labor is so low, and the condition of the average mechanic so monotonously depressing, that there is but little stimulus to activity. Of late years something has been done by private effort to stimulate manufacturing industry, but the Government has confined the scope of its energies, when employed in this direction, to agriculture and mining. For a number of years after the close of the Crimean War the coal-mining industry was tolerably prosperous, and even now there is no continued decline in mining; but from 1879 up to 1884 there was a marked degree of caution among the operators of the mines, with an overcrowded labor market. In the early part of the latter year a prosperous period set in, but it was of short duration. The fact that coal is nearly as dear in Russia, at retail, as it is in ordinary times in this country, where more than double the price is paid for mining it, is due largely to Russian transportation charges, and not to lack of material. The coal deposits of the Don Cossacks country occupy a large area, extending over the districts of Tselikassky, Donetsk and Mioussey. The richest return comes from the first of these places, on the right bank of the Don. The mines there have been worked for many years on both private and public lands; and, notwithstanding the continued depression, there is more energy and enterprise in mining than in any other Russian industry. But the large number of unemployed men in the mining districts is "an annoyance to the Czar," and "there is no room for them in the cities."

KANSAS has granted municipal suffrage to women—in the Senate by a vote of 25 to 13, and in the House by more than four to one. The Governor promptly signed the Bill, and it is now a law. Last week the Senate of the State of New York passed a similar Bill by a vote of 20 to 9, and there is good reason to believe it will pass the Assembly. What the Governor will say to it remains to be seen. If the Act conferred the suffrage as to all elections, perhaps there would be no doubt as to his action in the premises.

MERIT, ability and faithful service are sometimes recognized, even in the making of Government appointments, and the promotion of Captain Greely, of Arctic fame, to the command of the Signal Corps, with the rank of brigadier-general, is a shining example. Captain Greely has been attached to the Signal Corps since 1871, except during his absence in the north, and has assisted to build up the Weather Bureau from nothing to its present great proportions and popularity. He has earned his good fortune, and will honor his position.

THE resignation of Secretary Manning, which was determined upon several weeks ago, has been formally tendered to the President, and he will probably leave the Cabinet soon after the 4th of March. We have on more than one occasion expressed our appreciation of Mr. Manning's skill, intelligence and industry in the management of the national finances. His administration has proved, as some former ones have done, that the same qualities that make a successful politician, if guided by high and patriotic motives, make also the statesman and the successful executive officer. The country regrets Secretary Manning's retirement. It will be no easy task for the President to fill his place.

WHILE the House of Representatives remains strangely indifferent to the question of national defense, the Senate is manifesting a zeal in the matter which is, if anything, extravagant and excessive. Two Bills were passed by that body, last week, which, together, appropriate some \$50,000,000 for the construction of heavy armored vessels, floating batteries, or rams, light-draught gunboats for inland waters, torpedo-boats, and torpedo-boats. It is not likely that the House will assent to appropriations of this magnitude, and there is some fear that it will give no attention at all to the subject; but that would be so directly a defiance of popular sentiment, that we are scarcely prepared to believe such a course will be adopted.

"MIKE" CREGAN's face was "wreathed in smiles" after the last meeting of the New York Republican County Committee, and no wonder, for nothing more was done in the way of "disciplining" this eminent "practical" politician for his treachery in selling out the candidate of his party in his Congressional district. The committee went through the form of voting to expel Cregan at a previous meeting, but failed to obtain the necessary two-thirds. The adverse majority, however, seemed to be considered sufficient condemnation, or, rather, it was deemed that the committee had put itself on record sufficiently to retain the confidence of the Union

League Club, and thus insure a continuance of contributions. "Mike" being a "worker," was a valuable man, but on the other hand the contributions of the Union League were essential. So the committee neatly performed the act known as "the judicious straddle." After administering an implied rebuke for which "Mike" cared not a straw, the committee has practically invited him to "come back and all will be forgiven." A more pusillanimous case of paltering we have not recently seen. This man Cregan is in politics to make money. He is an unscrupulous political bandit, as every one knows, and yet he is considered too essential a part of the machine to be discarded. The efforts of the "better element" have resulted in a motion to amend the Constitution, with a view to the prevention of treachery hereafter. Cregan remains in business, and the Republican Committee has practically disgraced itself by indorsing his methods.

THE present plan for the enlargement of the Shakespeare Memorial at Stratford-on-Avon is worthy of encouragement. It is intended to add a collection of works relating to the Shakespearian and general drama, and to supply funds by which the means for the illustration of the poet from contemporary and other sources may be increased. A public meeting is to be held in the Lyceum Theatre, in this city, on April 23d, Shakespeare's birthday, for the purpose of carrying out this plan, in which Henry Irving takes a prominent part. A full collection of Shakespeariana at Stratford, and provision for special performances, would certainly form a fitting memorial, and a full library of Shakespearian literature would be of great value to students and actors.

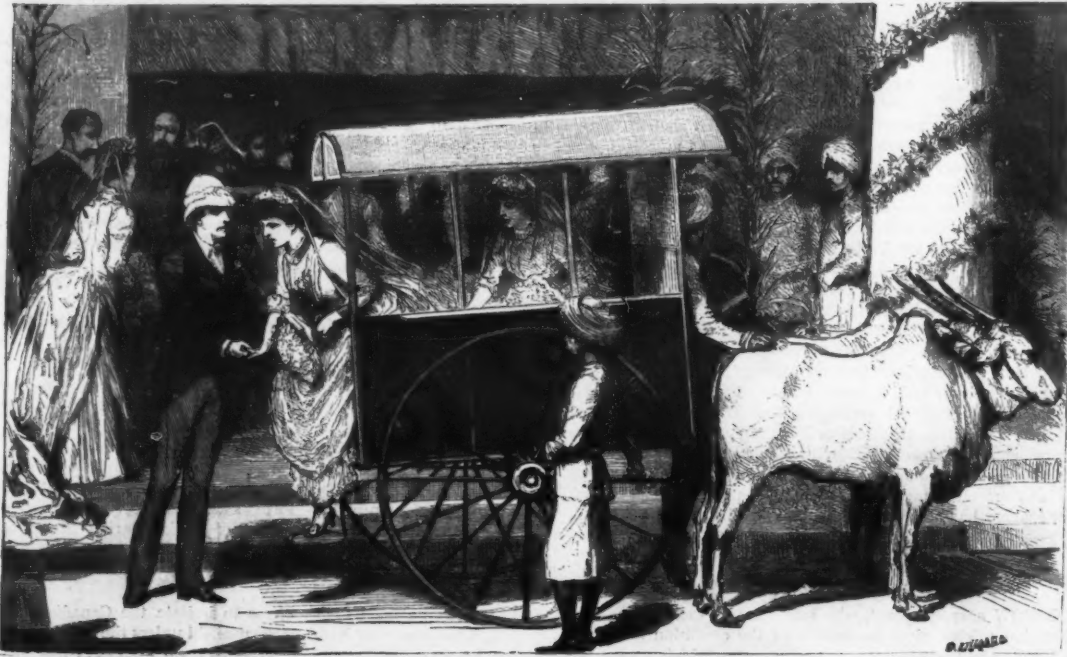
It will do no good for Congress to irritate the Canadians by passing a too sweeping Non-intercourse Bill unless the President is disposed to exercise the powers conferred upon him. He has had for a year ample authority to make the Canadians very uncomfortable, but has shown no inclination to use it; and now, with the retirement of Secretary Manning, the only member of his Cabinet who has exhibited an aggressive spirit in this matter, we shall be very agreeably disappointed if the Administration gives any further signs of pluck. The Bill as passed by the Senate is sweeping enough, and the country will only be made the more ridiculous if Congress authorizes the President to "forbid the entrance or importation, either by land or water, into the United States, of any goods, wares or merchandise from the aforesaid Dominion of Canada, or Newfoundland, or any locomotive, car or other vehicle from the Dominion of Canada," and then he doesn't exclude even the products of Canadian fisheries.

SOME of the Washington correspondents have been speculating upon the occupation President Cleveland will choose after the expiration of his term of office. One of them has placed him in New York, in "a large, handsome house in the eminently respectable but not too fashionable part of the city." Mrs. Cleveland continuing her social career, and Mr. Cleveland fitting up for himself an elegant law office down-town, so that he may retain a nominal place at the Bar. In addition to this, he is to be made the President of one, two, possibly more, large new business corporations, which are to pay him from \$10,000 to \$25,000 a year. All of which seems a little premature, especially as the President's term of office isn't yet one-half out, and in view of the further fact that his re-nomination by the National Democratic Convention next year is by no means improbable. We presume that the editor of the journal which gives currency to the above plan, and which is by no means an admirer of the President, would undertake to buy the house and raise the capital for the "large new business corporations," if Mr. Cleveland would give up the idea of being President a second time.

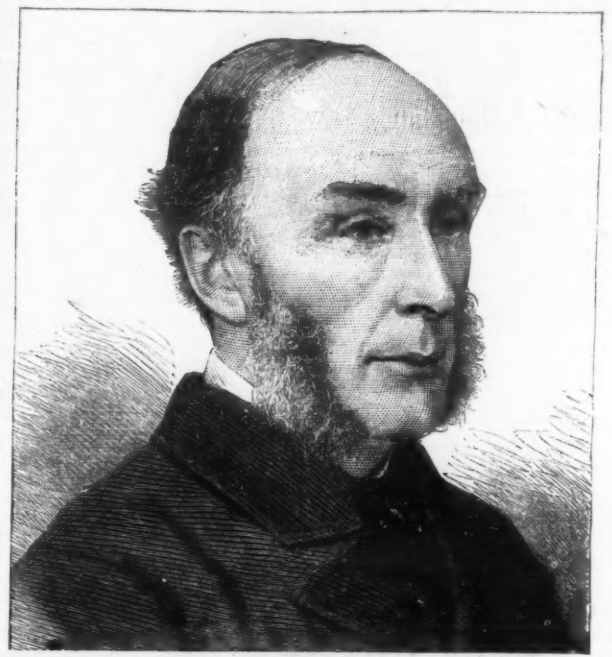
A YOUNG colored man, a communicant of a Protestant Episcopal church in this city, sober, quiet, studious and ambitious, having just completed a full course of study at the Cooper Institute, where he received a medal upon graduation in addition to the usual diploma, desired to perfect himself in mechanical drawing, and applied for membership in the Young Men's Institute of the Young Men's Christian Association of New York. His application was rejected, because, as Mr. Anderson, the General Secretary says, "it is not thought advisable, for the present, to admit colored members." The applicant was informed that he might become a member of the Young Men's Christian Association, where there was a class in mechanical drawing, and it is significantly added: "The point is that there is a more Christian feeling among the members there than here, and, therefore, the relations would be pleasanter both to yourself and the members." As we understand it, the members of the Young Men's Institute contribute only a small share of its expenses, so that they are in great measure enjoying advantages provided chiefly by the bounty of others. If, as the fruit of these privileges, and the associations which they bring, they have not imbibed enough of "Christian feeling" to tolerate the companionship of a young man such as we have described, because a little negro blood flows in his veins, we think it would be no great calamity if they resigned their membership and gave place to young men who have at least a little more of the spirit of the Master.

AFFAIRS in Ireland appear to become more difficult of settlement each succeeding day. At Loughrea, County Galway, last week, two hundred police were refused food and shelter. Mr. Davitt, who went there to speak, refused to accept a copy of the Government proclamation prohibiting the meeting, which was subsequently held in the League rooms with barricaded doors. A meeting in Youghal, County Cork, was also proclaimed, and was held in the adjoining County of Waterford, where the crowd burned copies of the proclamation amid cheers and groans, after which they returned to Youghal and had an encounter with the police. Most of these recent developments are attributed to the defeat by the Tories of Mr. Parnell's amendment during the debate on the Queen's speech. It was to be expected that that amendment would be rejected. The only question was one of majority. The amendment seems to have been presented in order to demonstrate again the strength and solidity of the Parliamentary Home Rule forces, rather than with any hope of its passage. It was simply the embodiment of a declaration favoring a separate Irish Parliament, and Tories or Liberal-Unionists voting for it would have virtually stultified their former action on Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, which Mr. Bright declares would "surrender the interests of the Irish people to a conspiracy bent on destroying the landowners of the country as a first step towards severing Ireland from England." On any issue involving the question of Home Rule there can be no doubt of the result during the present session of Parliament, so long as the Liberal-Unionists adhere to the Tory party. The determination of the House of Commons to give precedence to the discussion of the rules of procedure shows very clearly that Mr. Parnell has nothing to hope for at present.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 22.



SOUTHERN INDIA.—RETURN FROM A WEDDING.



GREAT BRITAIN.—SIR HENRY HOLLAND, THE NEW COLONIAL SECRETARY.



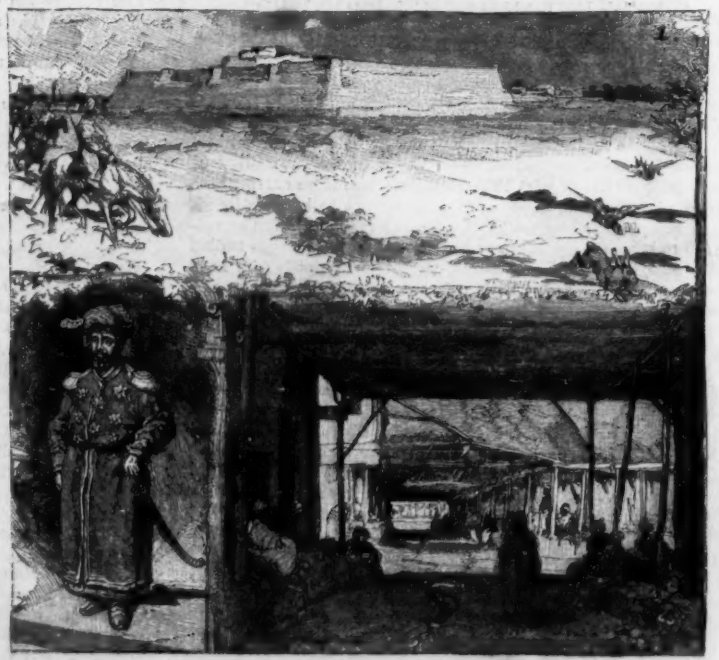
BURMAH.—A BRITISH FLYING COLUMN ATTACKING A VILLAGE OCCUPIED BY THE ENEMY.



1. Peasants Repulsing an Eviction Party. 2. Clearing Out a Cabin. IRELAND.—THE GLENBEIGH EVICTIONS.



EQUATORIAL SOUDAN.—A VILLAGE IN EMIN PASHA'S PROVINCE.



1. Fortress of Tchardjul. 2. The Emir of Bokhara. 3. Bazaar of Tchardjul. CENTRAL ASIA.—THE TRANS-CASPIAN RAILWAY.

DAKOTA'S THREE GOVERNORS.

THE delay in the confirmation of Governor Church was the cause of the triple gubernatorial drama recently enacted in Dakota, and gave to the Territory three Governors in one week—something unparalleled in the history of politics. Governor Pierce, the Republican executive appointed by President Arthur, was permitted to remain in office until he resigned, in December last. The President appointed L. K. Church, formerly of New York, but then an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Dakota. The confirmation was for some reason delayed by the United States Senate. On Tuesday, February 1st, President Cleveland accepted Pierce's resignation, thus placing Secretary McCormack in the Governor's chair. On the Friday following, the Senate confirmed Church, thus giving to the Territory three Governors in one week—Pierce, McCormack and Church, whose portraits appear herewith.



LOUIS K. CHURCH.



GILBERT A. PIERCE.

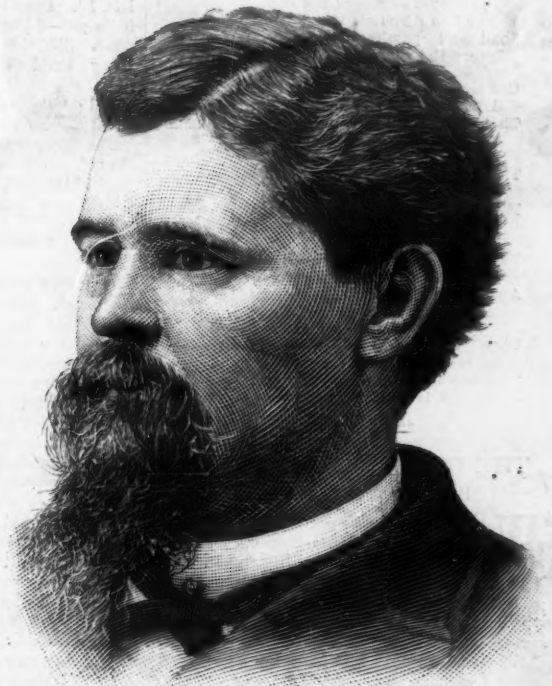
THE RESCUE OF CHILDREN.

THE good work which is being steadily accomplished by the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is frequently brought to public notice by cases like that illustrated on page 24. The incident in question was the recent rescue, by Mr. Henry C. Stocking, an agent of the Society, of two children from a squalid tenement-house in the "Putty Alley" neighborhood, opposite No. 149 Bank Street. On the top floor of a foul and wretched hive, the agent found Jimmy Murphy, aged four years, clothed in rags and smoking an old clay pipe. His sister Maggie, aged six, was watching over the insensible form of their mother, who lay drunk on the bed. "Pap's dead, and mam' will be soon," the children informed the agent, without apparent emotion. The little ones were taken to the Society's quarters, and the woman was encouraged to "straighten up."

At No. 456 West Twenty-eighth Street, Mr. Stocking accomplished the rescue of two other poor children under circumstances

more difficult and exciting. The case was similar to that in Putty Alley—a drunken mother, and two starving children, aged eleven and seven years respectively. The boy and girl begged to be taken away, and the agent did his duty. The infuriated mother aroused the neighborhood with her shrieks, and a crowd of idle men and women ran after the officer down the avenue, threatening violence. It would have gone hard with the Society's agent, but for timely police interference, which enabled him to conduct his young charges safely to the headquarters in East Twenty-third Street.

President Elbridge T. Gerry's twelfth annual report shows that during last year the Society investigated no less than 5,638 complaints, and prosecuted 2,029 cases, in 1,958 of which convictions were secured. The number of children relieved and placed in homes and institutions was 3,150, of whom 805 were cared for and clothed at the reception-rooms of the Society. This non-sectarian and peculiarly American organization of charity has, since its



M. L. MCCORMACK.

AN UNIQUE POLITICAL SITUATION IN DAKOTA—THREE GOVERNORS IN ONE WEEK.

PHOTOS. BY BARRY, BISMARCK.



foundation, seen numerous societies with similar objects spring up in other cities of the Union; and it has foreign correspondents in London, Paris, Liverpool, Manchester, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Rome, Madrid, Lisbon and Milan, as well as in India, South America and Cuba.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

IF Death could write on every heart
The cause that drew its blood,
How many would be written o'er
With this: "Misunderstood?"

Lo! every deed has latent cause;
O critic, seek that first;
The laws of Nature cannot change—
The weak are not the worst.

Should we condemn the tiny flower
Which blooms upon the hill,
Because the mighty oak above
Remains a monarch still?

Law divine demands the oak,
Nor less demands the flower;
Shall we in passing neath the oak
Ignore the varied power?

Creating weak and strong alike?
Look deep, O man, and know
That God hath formed our minds too small
To know as He doth know.

The feelings of a human heart
Are far too vast and grand
For other hearts to stand aloof
And boast: "We understand!"

Ye cannot know each other's hearts;
The mold of each He breaks,
And forms anew the clay and mold
With every heart He makes.

Then why should man—a finite work
Be bold and quick to say:
"I grasp the all of yonder man;
He, too, is formed from clay?"

EUGENE ASHTON.

THE GHOST'S SUBSTITUTE.

By HELEN W. PIERSON.

"WAL, I never! 'tis no 'tain't—yes, god dang it, it is 'Lias Hopewell, as I'm a living sinner!" The speaker, an elderly, world-worn and weary-looking individual, in a seedy costume and depressed-looking hat, stopped short in the way of a man who was hurrying by.

This person was lean and lank, but alert, with sharp and shifting glances, and lines of cunning in his face. He was well dressed, and showed prosperity in his whole appearance.

"I don't seem to—just exactly call you to mind—but then I meet so many people—" he began, doubtfully.

"What! not know Solon Dimmock—your old friend Dim, as you used to call me for short? Not forgot Cedar Rapid Schoolhouse, eh?—nor that swap you made of an orange for my penknife, the first day?—ha, ha! You said there wa'n't but one such sucked one of that orange—ha, ha, Li!—but I has my doubts to this day."

The two men shook hands and laughed.

"Forty years ago!" said Solon, with a sigh. "How's the world used you?—you look thinner."

"Oh, tolerable. I'm in the spirit line."

"Excuse me, Li, that's a bad business—wrecking homes—inciting crimes. Wal, I'm putty low down, but I must say that's a peg below me."

"Oh, get out! I don't mean liquor spirits—séances, don't you see? I'm one of the elect."

"Sho! Now, how did ye git lected?—'cos, if it ain't too god dang hard, I'd like to git in that line myself. Must be a snug thing—and nothin' to do but tip tables and sech, so I've hearn."

"It has its ups and downs," said the spiritualist, with a sigh. "Just now I'm down. I've lost my best ghost."

"Dn tell? Wot's come of him? Let's jest step in this 'ere saloon and have a cup of coffee. I'm mighty cur'us on the hull subject. I hear afflicted folks gits a mighty lot of comfort out of it."

A pathetic look came into the old man's eyes, and he stroked his napless hat in an absent way after they had taken their seats at a table in a snug little room.

"There's a deal of worry with the spirits," said Elias Hopewell, "bein' they're like human bein's and more'n half devils. Ef the evil spirits could be chained, like they talk of bein' the case sometimes with the Old Nick, we'd have a regular walk-over. But the evil ones are a deal slyer and more eager to put in the licks than the good ones. 'Pears like the saints are too satisfied with their quarters to hump themselves about folks' affairs here; but the other kind, well—it stands to reason they like to get out of that climate sometimes to get cooled off. So when we git hold of a real satisfactory, whole-souled, no slouch of a ghost, who always comes when he's called and materializes like a daisy, why, it's a regular Balm of Gilead." Elias Hopewell sighed as he stirred his coffee absently.

"An' you had one, an' he's gone back on you, I want to know?"

"He's served me well for a year, and that's a fact," said Elias; "always on time, and playin' no pranks; but now he's tired of it, he says."

"But can't ye offer no inducements?—raise his salary, or sech?" asked Solon.

"Money ain't no object to ghosts," said Elias. "They can't spend it, you know, and hasn't no pockets handy for collectin' coin. 'I ain't nothin' agin ye,' he said, quite patronizing; 'but I don't want to be tied down. I want to be free as the air, and wotever has these mortals done me that I should do their bidding? I want to soar, see he, 'to other worlds, and see how things are worked in the planets that swim in the cerulean vault of azure.'"

"I'm afraid he was a poet, 'Lias," said the old

man, anxiously. "You never kin count on a poet, whether he's in the flesh or out of it."

"Well, they do git a blank-very way of talkin' in the sperrit world," said Elias, staring gloomily before him; "but this one always done his level best; and he went so far as to secure me a substitute."

"Well, then, cheer up," said Solon, stimulated by the coffee. "That was a good stroke."

"I dunno," answered 'Lias, shaking his head. "He couldn't give him much of a recommend. He vowed he was rather tricky, and don't you see I'm at the mercy of this 'ere ghost? He kin wreck the hull business."

"Reether uncomfortable," said Solon, "'cos you can't let him have a back-hander in the mug when he goes to playin' his tricks."

"I'm to have a grand séance at my house to-night," 'Lias went on, dolefully. "Will you come? I own I'm nervous."

"I'd admire to," answered Solon. "It's just warmed my heart, this meetin'. I ain't no one left, Li. I've lost all—my wife, an' the purtiest little gal—I jest wish you could a-seen Dids—all gone. She helt fast to me to the last, poor little thing; she'd a-took me into the sperrit world with her ef she could. 'I'm afeard, daddy,' she whispered; 'it's dark—take my hand.' Oh! I wish I could a-gone with her—I wish I could."

The tears rolled down the furrowed face, and the old man seemed to forget everything but his dead child.

"She hed little shinin' curls, Li. Oh, I wouldn't have taken the gold of Ingies for them little golden rings. Ef she could come back now—ef I could hear her speak! Is there any hope, Li? She was three years old when she died. Her name was Elizabeth, but she couldn't manage that long word, and she called herself Dids. Tell me," uttered the old man, with trembling earnestness, "is it possible? She'd come ef she could—Dids would. Can she now?"

"It may be," said Elias, scanning the face that quivered with emotion. "Come to-night, at any rate; here is my card."

Solon clutched the bit of pasteboard after his friend was gone as if he held a veritable passport to the spirit world. His brain had never been very strong, and his life had been hard and bitter. The only flower that had ever bloomed on his pathway was little Dids. Her beauty was a surprise to him every day. He needed no picture gallery while he could look on that fresh young face, with its lovely coloring, its dimples of delight, and sweet, smiling eyes. He might see her again. All day he was in a rapt vision.

"Old Dejected's goin' mad, I think," said Fred Winstan, a dandish young reporter in the office of the *Boomerang*, where Solon did odd jobs. "He smiled to-day, twice—such a thing is not on record."

"Perhaps he's going to be married. Oh, that I might see the fair 'object'!" said another. "We must look after him. It won't do to let such a delectable bit of fun escape us."

In the meantime Solon went about with his heart throbbing hard against the bit of pasteboard in his vest-pocket. There was a tender illumination of that worn face, as if he had learned "the secret of a happy dream he did not care to speak."

Solon was too wrapped in his own sensations to notice anything. He did not even hear when 'Lias whispered, "You are called," and he had to repeat it.

"Eh! what?" he said, looking about him, and noticing that the lights were turned down. "Has she come? I thought she would. Lord, don't you believe all them golden harps and the shinin' streets would keep my little girl away ef she knew she had a chance to see her poor old daddy. Blest ef I don't believe she'd rather hear me tootin' than all the heavenly music. She wuz such a lovin' little mite—"

"Hush! keep silent!" said Elias. "We must wait for the manifestation."

The spectators held each other's hands as the room grew darker. The object was to keep up the current of electricity, as Elias stated, and poor old Solon felt strange electric thrills through his heart and brain. There was a pale, luminous place that suddenly unfolded itself in the darkness; there was a sound of ghostly music in the air as of something played upon by spirit hands, and, then—oh, wonder! oh, mystery!—a girlish form in floating drapery, dim and grayish-white as a twilight cloud, seemed to unfold like a flower in one corner of the room. Old Solon's heart stood still, his brain stopped working, all the machinery of his being seemed checked, and earth and heaven paused to listen, as the spiritual essence floated near him and spoke—"Father!"

"So 'tis!" began Solon, falteringly; "grewed up, too, I do believe 'tis. Oh!" cried the old man, reaching out his shaking arms, "call me daddy like you used, if you are Dids, an' I'll know ye better. Oh, my child, I kin see plain you've bin a-livin' with angels a long time. You've got the look of 'em; but you ain't quite forgot your poor old daddy, hev ye? You come to see him the first chance ye got, didn't ye, dearie? But you don't know how his heart's been a-hungerin' for you."

The gliding phantom came nearer. There was a thin, pale face, and floating golden hair.

"Grewed up!" murmured Solon, with a heart-break in his voice, "and different like, but the same pretty shinin' hair! Are you happy, dearie?"

"So happy!" said the shape, in a low voice; "but always watching over you, daddy."

"Bless yer life!" cried the old man, starting up as if an electric current had darted through his veins at the old name. "I ain't a-grudgin' ye to the angels, Dids, but I've bin powerful lonely sence ye went, and time seems long."

"In the spirit land the days are never long; but I've come for a purpose—to see you once more," said the low voice.

"What is it, dearie?" asked Solon, eagerly, a fire flickering in his faded eyes.

"But there's something awful in the thought,"

shuddered Solon, looking about helplessly. "I ain't seen it, you see, day by day, an' all to onct—'tain't the same. I—'tis—'tis appallin'."

But he did not go. He sat down passively, as if unable to make a move. Once he took out the tin-type of his child and looked at it furtively, as if he feared it had vanished.

"I ain't been worth much sence she went, that's a fact, Li," he said, apologetically. "I kind o' think she took the best part of me with her."

The coming of the circle kept Solon quiet, though thrills of nervous fear and expectation went over him now and then. He did not seem to see the company at all. He did not realize that the table-tipping was going on in an unsatisfactory style, and that the ghost's substitute was behaving in a most unwarranted manner, as for instance: "A stout party, in wide-spread weeds, but much decorated, was called for, and went forward with some importance."

"A spirit wants to talk with you," said Elias, in trepidation.

"Who is it?"

The table rapped: "Your husband."

The widow took out a black-bordered handkerchief.

"Oh, my dear George," said she, applying it to her eyes, "where are you?"

To 'Lias's horror, the table rapped out these letters: "In Sheol."

The woman, fortunately, did not understand it. "Are you happy there?" she asked. "Do you want to come back?"

"No; the atmosphere is cooler here," returned the spirit.

"It's the substitute," whispered Elias to Solon; "he'll ruin me."

The widow retired in tears, and new raps resounded on the table.

"Who is it?" asked Elias.

"Moses."

"If you are Moses, just you give us the Ten Commandments straight like you got 'em on Sin!" said Li, severely.

"Wal, now, ef he ain't free an' easy with them sperrits!" thought 'Lias, beginning to notice the proceedings. "Why, he's reg'lar reckless with 'em."

The new spirit had difficulty with the Penateuch, and gave it up.

"Humph," growled 'Lias, in disgust, "that's just the sort of Moses I thought you was."

The two reporters from the *Boomerang*, wandering about in search of the evasive item, came upon Solon Dimmock as he was waiting for admission to his friend's house.

"Blest ef there ain't Old Dejected!" said Fred Winstan. "Do you think the 'object' can live there?"

"No," said his friend, "that's Hopewell's shanty; he's a mejum. Let's go in and have a lark breaking it up. We'll write it up for the *Boomerang*. Its bound to pan out two columns. But what's the old duffer doing there? that's what I want to know."

If Elias Hopewell had not been so agitated at the pranks of the substitute, he might have seen the mark of the beast on the brows of the two young men who, after paying their fee, stole into the charmed circle with faces as innocent as if the hayseed were lurking in their hair.

Solon was too wrapped in his own sensations to notice anything. He did not even hear when 'Lias whispered, "You are called," and he had to repeat it.

"Eh! what?" he said, looking about him, and noticing that the lights were turned down. "Has she come? I thought she would. Lord, don't you believe all them golden harps and the shinin' streets would keep my little girl away ef she knew she had a chance to see her poor old daddy. Blest ef I don't believe she'd rather hear me tootin' than all the heavenly music. She wuz such a lovin' little mite—"

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"What is it, dearie?" asked Solon, eagerly, a fire flickering in his faded eyes.

"But there's something awful in the thought,"

"I love and am beloved," said the shape. "I want a father's blessing."

"What—what!" said the old man, recoiling. "Don't it say, the Good Book, as there 'ain't no marryin' or givin' in marriage?"

"In the spirit world we love and are beloved," repeated the phantom of the lost daughter, with an insistence that showed almost human obstinacy, "and there are spiritual unions, perfect and immortal. I want you to know my spirit love."

"I'd—admire to," said the old man with strange hesitation. He was quite overwhelmed at this new glimpse into the workings of spirit land. Was it possible—his little Dids, grown up, and talking of spiritual unions?

He saw nothing of the stealthy movements of the two reporters at this moment. In fact, he knew not whether he were in the body or out of the body. He was gazing with startled eyes at a new phenomenon—the phantom of a youth who stood beside his daughter, as dim, as vague as she. They were clasping one another's unsubstantial hands.

"I love her," said the deeper voice. "Old man, we want your blessing."

"And the ring," said the phantom girl.

"What! do sperrits need a ring?" asked Solon, annoyed. "Wouldn't it slip off, a real bona fide ring, now?"

"You can bring it at our next meeting," said the girl phantom. "Meantime we will watch over you."

"Oh, don't go yet!" cried Solon, with pitiful eagerness. "Why, I ain't got your face by heart yet; you've grewed up like, dearie—and bless my soul! I have got a ring—your mother's weddin' ring, Dids. I took it off her dead finger. Here, take it, with her blessin' an' mine. I'm glad—oh, so glad—to have somethin' to give you, dearie—somethin' you want. Ah—"

At that moment a stealthy hand had reached the gas-stop—a full blaze illuminated the room: Fred Winstan's clutch was on the girl's shoulder, a cry of wild doubt and terror and pain rang out through the room, and thrilled all piteous hearts that heard it.

For Fred Winstan's hand was tearing away the filmy veil that half concealed the girl's face, and with it came the floating golden curls.

The cry came from the old man's pallid lips. He had been standing there as one

"Now all athirst with trembling trust of hope, To see the sudden gates of sunrise ope."

But a sudden pall seemed to drop over all. He tottered forward, threw out his feeble hands as though attempting to rescue his child; then he swayed, staggered and fell in a heap on the floor.

In the confusion that followed, the phantoms escaped. Fred Winstan, dropping on his knees by the old man's side, took up the pulseless hand.

"Dead!" he said, looking about him in bewilderment. "This mummy has killed him!"

Yes, dead. Suddenly translated into that spirit land upon whose borders he had been standing with tottering feet and insufficient strength and feebly beating heart. Shocked no longer by false phantoms of his heart's desire, he had gone to behold his darling face to face.

Elias Hopewell gazed for a moment in stunned horror at the fixed face of his old friend, then turned nervously to the reporters.

"The hull blamed thing is the fault of that god danged substitute!" he exclaimed. "Ef I can't get my reg'lar ghost back, I'll go out of the blamed business!"

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

A WEDDING IN SOUTHERN INDIA.

OUR illustration shows the front of a house in Travancore, Southern India, decorated for a wedding. The bride has already returned into the cool, shady drawing-room. We catch a glimpse of the swinging punka through the wide open door. The bridesmaids have just arrived, and are being helped out of the quaint, roomy, omnibus-like conveyance, called a "bandy," drawn by a pair of white, long-horned bullocks, and driven by a native coachman in a white and crimson suit. A small boy stands by the wheel, whose duty it is to open gates, and run behind when he is not sitting perched on the carriage-steps. In the veranda stand three or four native officials, who have been invited to the English wedding, though their caste prevents them eating anything, or even drinking the bride's health. Their coats and turbans of bright satin or velvet, bordered with gold bands, make a brave show of color among the more sombre English attire.

THE NEW BRITISH COLONIAL SECRETARY.

The Right Hon. Sir Henry Thurstan Holland, Bart., K.C.M.G., M.P. for Hampstead, who has become Secretary of State for the Colonial Department of the British Empire, is well acquainted with the business of that office, and has shown administrative ability in other departments of government. He was born in London in August, 1825, being the eldest son of that eminent physician, the late Sir Henry Holland, M.D. The present Sir Henry Holland was educated at Harrow and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his B.A. degree in 1847; he was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1849, and practiced for some years. In January, 1867, he was appointed legal adviser at the Colonial Office, and in March, 1870, Assistant Under Secretary for that Department, this not being a political appointment. His political career began in September, 1874, when he was elected M.P. for Midhurst, having resigned his permanent official appointment in order to enter Parliament. Attaching himself to the Conservative Party, under Mr. Disraeli's Government, he was chosen Financial Secretary to the Treasury, and conducted voting operations in the House of Commons with remarkable tact and skill. His ability in debate was occasionally shown while his party was in Opposition, after 1880. When, in June, 1885, Lord Salisbury formed a Ministry, he selected Sir Henry Holland for the office of Vice-president of the Council, with the charge of the Education Department. No one, it is said by those conversant with the work of that office, has been a more efficient, attentive and agreeable

director of its business, to which he returned last July, upon the fall of Mr. Gladstone's last Administration, and Lord Salisbury's present Government being formed. Sir Henry Holland was then elected M.P. for the new metropolitan borough of Hampstead, having contested the seat with the Marquis of Lorne.

FIGHTING IN BURMAH.

The British army in Burma, under command of General Sir Frederick Roberts, constitutes a force of 32,000 Sepoys and English troops, of whom 25,000 are distributed in Upper Burma, supplemented by over 8,000 armed police. Upper Burma is the natural stronghold of the native resistance to British rule. According to the present plan of attack, flying columns of British troops, under picked officers, penetrate the country upon a pre-arranged plan, but still with a latitude left to their individual discretion. Each flying column has to be so formed as not only to be able to overcome any resistance that can be brought against it, but also to be able to follow up the enemy in their flight into the swamps or jungle. It is essentially an army of pursuit. The engraving which we reproduce depicts a spirited incident of this kind of warfare—the advance guard of a flying column attacking a village occupied by the Dacoits.

EVICITION SCENES IN IRELAND.

Two exciting scenes of the Irish rent war are represented as they occurred during the recent evictions on the estate of the Hon. Rowland Winn, at Glenbeigh, County Kerry. They tell their own sad story. The burning and razing of cottages at Glenbeigh, the turning out of the aged, destitute and hungry tenants, and the ineffectual attempts at resistance on the part of the latter, have been already described in detail. Evictions on a large scale have just commenced on Lord Cork's estate, on the opposite side of the bay from Glenbeigh. Little resistance is offered, but the police are being boycotted.

EMIN PASHA'S PROVINCE.

The population of Emin Pasha's besieged province in the interior of Africa is a very mixed one, consisting of various tribes, possessing distinctive customs, and speaking different languages. There are the mild and docile Shulias, the brave Bari warriors, the cannibal Niam-Niams, the musical inhabitants of Unyoro, the Dinkas, Madis, Makrakas, Bongos, Longos and Umoris, all recognizing the Egyptian rule. These are fully described in Sir Samuel Baker's books, Schweinfurth's "Heart of Africa," "Uganda and the Egyptian Sudan," and the numerous writings upon these provinces by Marno, Emin Bey, and others. The whole of the province in question is divided into districts, each having a military station in its centre, where a tax of grain and cattle is paid by the natives. Emin Pasha's soldiers are mostly of the Makraka tribe. They are of fine physique, brave, high-spirited, intelligent and obedient. They are armed with the Remington rifles, and their uniform, when on duty at the station, consists of a white tunic and trousers, fez, and a cartridge-belt made of leopard-skin, which holds a sword, bayonet and knife. The capital of the province, and headquarters of Emin Pasha is Lado, a well-built and fortified town on the White Nile. The contrast between this province and the surrounding ones, where the slave-trade goes on unchecked, is very marked. Our picture represents one of the peaceful villages of the Shulias, at the foot of Mount Shua.

PROGRESS OF THE TRANS-CASPIAN RAILWAY.

Tehardjui, on the Oxus River, is the chief centre of population between Merv and Bokhara, on the new Russian Transcaspien Railway. The constructed line reached here last Fall, and the town has been ceded to Russia by the Emir of Bokhara. Tehardjui, like Merv and the towns on the Persian frontier, has an immense mud-walled fortress, built for defense against the Turkomans and Afghans, but now superfluous. From the Oxus at Tehardjui, the railway is now in process of construction across the steppes to the City of Bokhara, whence it will be continued to Samarcand. In all, 300 versts (nearly 200 miles) of the line are in the dominion of the Emir, while its concluding portion, on Russian territory as far as Samarcand, will consist of 85 versts, or a little more than 56 miles.

THE ICE-JAM AT COCHECTON, N. Y.

COCHECTON, N. Y., is a town of two or three thousand inhabitants, situated on the Erie Railway, about forty miles northwest of Port Jervis. It is also on the Delaware River, which here winds among the Shawangunk Mountains in a serpentine course. Cochection, lying partly on the flat tract embraced by one of these curves, and thus peculiarly exposed to ice-jams and floods, is now suffering from the effects of the most severe combination of the two known there since 1857. The heavy rains of a fortnight ago broke up the ice in the river, and the mass coming down lodged in the bend, forming an immense gorge that filled the full channel of the river and piled the ice up fifteen to thirty feet high. The obstructed waters at once sought a new channel across the chord of the bend and directly through the village. The dwellings and business places were suddenly invaded by the raging floods, the waters rising, in most cases, to the second stories. Before the waters subsided they were frozen over. Two or three successive thaws and freezings made as many strata of ice, which broke down with the subsidence of the waters, leaving the main part of the town a scene of almost Arctic desolation. Huge ice-cakes are piled pell-mell in the streets, amongst and over which pathways have to be excavated with pickaxes. The damage to the buildings is great, amounting, as estimated, to \$40,000. The discomfort, not to say peril, of the inhabitants has been extreme; nor is the danger over while the great body of ice remains in the river to divert the current into the new channel. A heavy "Spring freshet" might yet create as great havoc in the town as did the memorable one of thirty years ago.

The general aspect of the place is shown in our picture on the front page. A smaller sketch illustrates how the citizens of the flooded town have improved upon the Venetian gondola custom, by actually entering the stores in skiffs, and taking on a cargo of groceries direct from the counter—which, with the entire stock, has been elevated two or three feet out of the water.

THE ORANGE KIRMESS.

ON Wednesday and Thursday of last week, both afternoon and evening, the pretty Music Hall of Orange, N. J., was filled with a kaleidoscopic throng of most of the rich, quaint or picturesque costumes known to the history of civilization.

The wearers of these costumes were the leading social lights of Orange and vicinity, together with a large number of representative guests from New York, Brooklyn, Newark, Jersey City, Paterson, and elsewhere. The event was called a Kirmess; but it was on a far more magnificent scale than the Dutch festival from which the name derives. It was under the patronage of a dozen or more well-known and accomplished ladies of Orange, while the executive management of the affair devolved upon a committee of three, consisting of Mrs. William Pierson, Mrs. John Pettit and Miss Morris. The crowning grace was given by the fact that the proceeds of the Kirmess were devoted to charity.

A score of carpenters and decorators had worked, under skillful directions, for a week previous, and on Wednesday, the opening day, a Wonderland spectacle was revealed. The parquet of the theatre was boarded over on a level with the stage. Flowers were banked around the pillars of the balcony, and on the stage were the booths, appropriately decorated. When all these booths were occupied by their characteristic groups, the enchantment was complete. Holland, America, Rome, Japan, Russia, Sweden, Hungary and France were near neighbors in these fantastic structures, each of which was presided over by admirable counterfeits of the respective countries. Pretty girls looked all the prettier as Puritan maidens in quaintly shaped light silver-gray dresses, with white caps, white aprons, collars and handkerchiefs. Their escorts were demure youths in knickerbockers, silk stockings, with silver shoe buckles, slashed coats and broad white collars. Stately Roman matrons and vestal virgins formed a classic tableau. Yum-Yums and Kokos of Mikadodomo, Hollanders in dark, red and yellow, Russian peasants, soldiers and nihilists, fair Swedes in dark-blue and orange, girls of La Normandie in tall, peaked caps and low bodices, and gypsies of Hungary and Catalan, jostled each other in their varied occupations of bazaar-tending, fortune-telling, mind-reading, dancing, music-making and merry-making generally.

But it was in the dances, arranged by Marwig of New York, that the acme of grace and color-blending appeared. Among the features of this part of the programme was a dance by Neapolitan and Catalan fisher-children. The little ones wore skirts with stripes of white, yellow and red, and overdresses of white, turned up like fisherwomen's, with sailor-bow waist, and red kerchiefs on their heads. The boys wore the regular fisherman's costume, with red turbans and knee-breeches and blouses. All carried tambourines. The little ones went through their parts with an *à la* worthy of visser heads. The first evening opened with the Kirmess tableau or galaxy of the different nations, in a variegated, moving mass, with the unique, grotesque and fancy costumes of the different nations in groups and moving bunches. Then followed the grand procession, the Puritan chorus, and the dances of the different nations, with the characteristic steps and songs of those nations, and music appropriate to the representation. Dutch and Swedish peasant dances, Russian Mazourkas, and other novel figures, sped the hours gayly enough. On the second day, and evening the throng in attendance was greater than ever, assuring a handsome sum of money to the Memorial Hospital and Free Library of Orange.

THE ARION BALL.

THE Arion Ball, always a conspicuous landmark in the season of metropolitan gaiety, blazed forth with even more than its accustomed brilliancy on Thursday evening last. Prince Carnival (Philip Stauffer), and Arion (Charles Becker), conducted the great, glittering festival with an easy success that might well be attributed to the powers of magic.

Orchestra and band participated in a grand opening concert, after which came the "grand salute," a military manoeuvre, by the various Arion Committees, arrayed as Hapsburg cavaliers, courtiers of Louis XIV., and characters from the opera of the "Gypsy Baron." A few dances followed, after which were introduced a series of those elaborate tableaux in which this Society excels. The first was the City of Nuremberg in the fifteenth century, with burgomasters, burghers, gypsy dancers, etc. This presently gave place to the Olympian Garden of the Gods, where the materialized spirits of many bygone celebrities disported themselves. The last of the great tableaux was the reception of the Prince and Princess Carnival and their retinue. Representatives of all the nations and of no nations, mythological, historical, musical and theatrical characters, rendered homage to the dispenser of jollity, and this done, the masquerade ball proper began in earnest. It continued in the full tide of mirth and enjoyment until daylight, varied at intervals by minor local tableaux, representing Boodle Aldermen in prison suits, the Roumanian Opera Troupe, somewhat the worse for a disastrous season; Buffalo Bill and his Wild Western cohorts; the Ratacatcher of New York, in the shape of District Attorney Martine; the German Opera, Walking Delegates and Strikers, and other living curiosities familiar to the public eye.

SOME NEWSPAPER STATISTICS.

The *Printing Press* says: "There are now published in the United States 14,160 newspapers and periodicals of all classes. The net gain of the year has been 666. The daily newspapers number 1,216, a gain of 83. Canada has 679 periodicals. There are about 1,200 periodicals of all sorts which, according to the ratings and estimates of the editor of the Directory, enjoy a circulation of more than 5,000 copies each. The increase in the weekly rural Press, which comprises about two-thirds of the whole list, has been most marked in States like Kansas and Nebraska, where the gain has been respectively 24 and 18 per cent. Kansas also shows the greatest gain in daily newspapers. The weekly Press is gaining in Massachusetts, while the magazines and other monthly publications are losing ground there. The tendency of such publications towards New York city, as the literary centre of the country, is shown by the establishment here of not less than twenty-three monthly periodicals during the year.

"Some of the curiosities of newspaper statistics are worth a paragraph. There are 700 religious and denominational newspapers published in the United States, and nearly one-third of them are published in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago. New York is far ahead in this respect, but Chicago leads Boston. Three newspapers are devoted to the silk-worm, 6 to the honey-bee and not less than 32 to poultry. The dentists have 18 journals, the phonographers 9, and the deaf,

dumb and blind have 19. There are 3 publications exclusively devoted to philately and 1 to the terpsichorean art. The prohibitionists have 129 organs to the liquor dealers' 8. The woman suffragists have 7, the candymakers 3. Gastronomy is represented by 3 newspapers, gas by 2. There are about 600 newspapers printed in German and 42 in French. The towns which have the most French periodicals are New York, New Orleans and Worcester, Mass.—4 apiece. There are more Swedish prints than French. Two daily newspapers are printed in the Bohemian tongue. The toughest names are found among the Polish, Finnish and Welsh Press; for instance, the *Dziennik* and the *Przegląd Ludzi*, of Chicago; the *Y Waeur*, of Utica, N. Y., and the *Ydylynsailla* in Sanomat, of Ohio. There is 1 Gaelic publication, 1 Hebrew, 1 Chinese and 1 in the Cherokee language.

"All of these facts have a direct interest to the philosopher and the student of sociology. There is no better gauge and register of American civilization than the Newspaper Directory."

ROLL-CALL IN THE HOUSE.

A WASHINGTON correspondent of the *Pittsburg Dispatch* describes a roll-call in the House of Representatives: "'Roll-call!' shout the pages, running about the corridors of the House wing. 'Roll-call! Yeas and nays! Yeas and nays!' It reminds one of the boys about the theatres or opera singing, 'Opera books! Books of the opera! Libretto! libretto!' The effect, however, is quite different. If you are in the restaurant when an important Bill is pending you will witness a stampede when the little fellows run from table to table with their 'Roll-call!' 'Division of the House!' or 'Call of the House!' The latter is a variety, but the former signals to members occur every day. Down into the sub-basement, down into the subterranean committee-rooms, into the restaurant, into the bar, along the main corridors, among the reception-rooms, and even across to the 'Congressional,' the small boys with the silver badge skip with the cry: 'Roll-call!' 'Roll-call!' And the members who are interested in that particular measure drop knife and fork, drop gossip with the ladies, drop stories with the gentlemen, drop cocktails and courting, and rush towards the hall of the House. This is managed differently from a few years ago, when every member had to be on hand and look out for himself. Now the floor may show less than a quorum when the Clerk begins to read, and then before the second call begins for absentees the members have been gathered in from the rooms and corridors, and a pretty full House is recorded."

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE yolk of one egg, three drams of glycerine and fifteen grains of carbolic acid make an excellent mixture for softening the hands.

BOLDO-GLUCINE is the name of another new hypnotic. It is given for nervous insomnia in doses of from twenty grains to two drams.

A new spirit lamp that is said to be perfectly safe has been introduced. It is so made that there is no danger from overflowing, and a shield is arranged to prevent heating the spirit reservoir.

"WOODITE" is the name of a new material which possesses the elasticity of rubber without being either inflammable or injured by salt water. It is proposed to use it as a fender on wharves to prevent injury by collision with ships and to protect the unarmored parts of war-vessels.

In lecturing before the Society of Natural History at Berlin, Professor Stricker has employed with much success an electric lamp of 4,000 candle-power for the projection of microscopic sections upon a screen, employing a magnifying power of 6,000 to 8,000 diameters. It is stated that the definition obtained is very satisfactory.

TO MAKE a good and cheap varnish: Borax 10 parts; powdered white shellac 30 parts; water 200 parts. Dissolve in a water bath, which will take several hours; when cold, filter. The addition of a few drops of glycerine will make the varnish much more flexible. For black, add nigrosin, soluble in water; for blue, methyl blue, alkali blue or marine blue; for green, use malachite green or brilliant green; and for violet, use methyl violet. All these are coal-tar colors.

In the extensive oyster-culture experiments of the United States Government particular attention is being given to methods for preserving the young. Wire baskets three feet square and six inches deep are used for collecting the spat, which adhere closely to the sides and bottom, this device enabling the operators to prevent the accumulation of mud, the great foe of the oyster industry, by frequent shakings of the baskets. An average oyster is expected to yield 10,000,000 of young.

MANUFACTURERS of kerosene oil say that all lamps are safe with good oil, and that the quality of oil can be ascertained by the following test: Take a pint tin cup, fill it nearly full of water, warm so that an ordinary thermometer immersed in it will show 120°; pour a small quantity of oil on the water; stir it a little; pass a lighted match quickly but closely over the surface of the oil once. If it ignites, the oil is unsafe. If purchases be made of from three to five gallons at a time and this test be made, people can protect themselves.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

FEBRUARY 13TH.—In Sewanee, Tenn., Rev. William Mercer Green, for nearly forty years Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Mississippi, aged 89 years; in New Brunswick, N. J., ex-Judge Andrew J. Cogswell, aged 48 years. February 14th.—In Toronto, Canada, Isabella Valancy Crawford, the well-known authoress; in Magnolia, Ala., Captain William Cottrell, raiser and owner of thoroughbred horses, aged 72 years; in England, Philip Bourke Marston, poet and novelist, aged 36 years. February 15th.—In New York, S. Foster Dewey, aged 46 years; in New York, Rev. I. Williams Cochran, formerly pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at Mendham, N. J., aged 46 years; in St. Augustine, Fla., ex-Mayor George H. Thacher of Albany, N. Y.; in Islip, L. I., Captain Nathaniel Clock, the well-known yacht skipper, aged 70 years. February 17th.—In New York, James W. Foshay, ex-President of the Broadway and Seventh Avenue Railroad Company, aged 63 years; in Philadelphia, Pa., Thomas J. Smith, Republican politician, etc., aged 50 years; in Aiken, Ga., Dr. W. S. Little, the eminent Philadelphia oculist.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

GENERAL KAULBARS has been appointed military attaché to the Russian embassy at Teheran.

BOSTON CORBETT, the slayer of John Wilkes Booth, is insane, and has been committed to an asylum.

THE Pope has thanked the Sultan of Turkey for the liberty accorded to religion in the Turkish dominions.

SECRETARY MANNING has placed his resignation in the hands of the President, to take effect on the appointment and qualification of his successor.

MRS. LAMAR, wife of the Secretary of the Interior, is a devout Methodist, attends church every Sunday, and has her husband accompany her. She does not enjoy the frivolities of society.

HERR ANTON SEIDL, the gifted conductor, whose work at the Metropolitan Opera House during the German season has been so highly appreciated, leaves New York to take a life position at the Royal Berlin Opera House.

ONE great question that has been disturbing baseball circles seems now to be definitely settled. The famous catcher and fielder of the Chicago Club, Kelly, is to play next season with the Bostonians, who paid \$10,000 for him, in addition to his salary.

At the municipal election in Philadelphia last week the Republicans swept the field, electing their candidate for Mayor, Mr. Edwin H. Filer, by 28,000 majority, together with the Receiver of Taxes and City Solicitor, the latter by 38,000 majority.

FORTUNE, after so many knock-down blows, has outdone all previous displays of fickleness by presenting Sir Charles Dilke with a legacy of \$700,000. The fortune comes from the remnants of the Snooke family, of which John Snooke married Dilke's great-aunt in 1804.

At the second performance of "Otello," Verdi's new opera, at Milan, Italy, the great composer was called before the curtain twenty-eight times, and at the close of the second act was presented with a wreath of solid silver by the little daughter of Tamagno, who sang in the title-role.

COLONEL JOHN JAMESON, General Superintendent of Railway Mail Service, has resigned, because his place was "wanted," and Thomas E. Nash, Chief Clerk of the Post-office Department, has been appointed to fill the vacancy. Colonel Jameson was a most efficient officer.

It is said that more than a million copies of the late Mrs. Wood's "East Lynne" were sold in this country, for which the author never received one cent. The same is true of some fifty thousand performances of the play founded on the story, which under a copyright would have brought her perhaps \$500,000.

THE alarming statements about the condition of Mr. Parnell's health are authoritatively contradicted from London. One of the Home Rule leaders says: "Some four months ago Mr. Parnell was taken ill with gastritis, and had a slight fever, during which he lost about three stone in weight, but he has since regained over a stone, and is now in very good health, and at his post in the House constantly. His illness was not of a chronic form, nor was it 'hereditary with his family.' As for 'Mr. Healy succeeding him,' I may safely say that, as Parnell is alive, there will be no other leader of the Irish party."

REV. R. A. HUMPHREY, about whose return to his mission field there has been some difficulty owing to his "probation-after-death" theories, has made as explicit a statement of his theological position as it is possible for him to do. As regards future probation, he "does not profess to have any certain knowledge," but holds himself free "to consider as legitimate such opinions thereupon not contrary to Scripture as are entertained among Evangelical ministers." He expects to work in loyalty to the Board which has authorized his return, and in harmony with the brethren of his mission, and is confident he can do so.

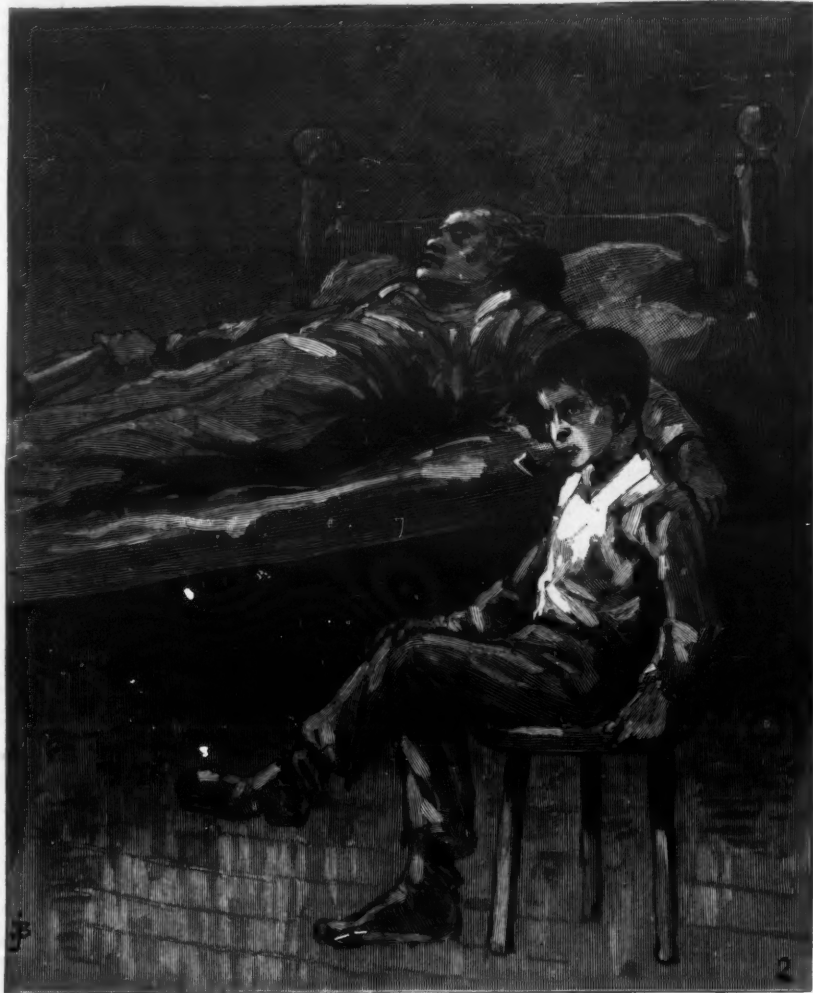
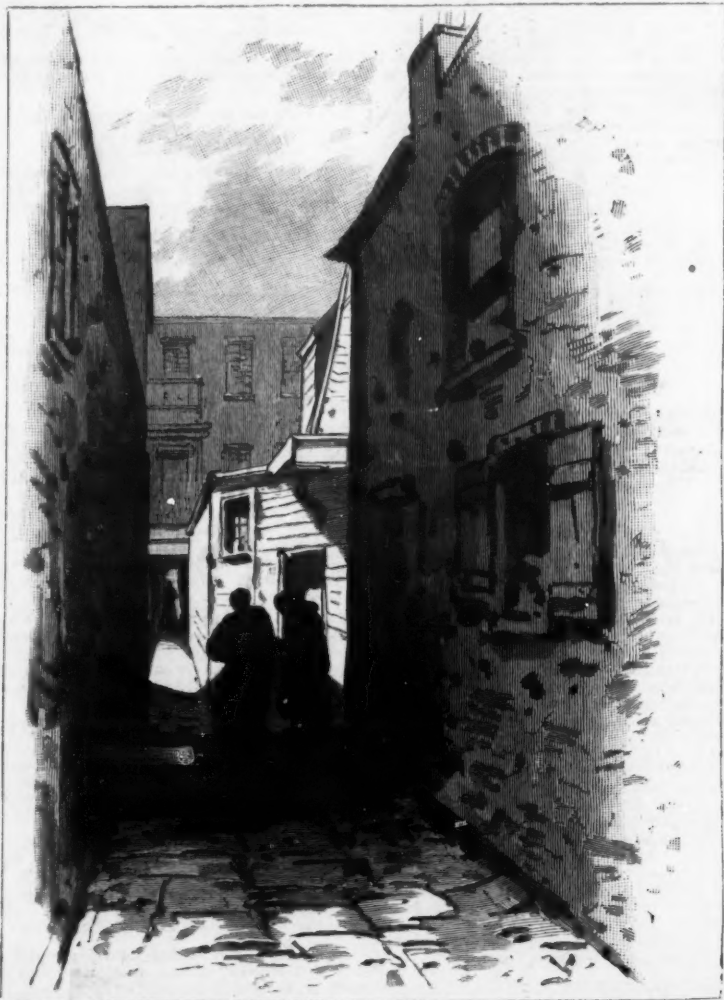
AMBROSE RETHARGE, of Pittsburg, Penn., has caused a will to be drawn up, in which, after disposing of \$10,000 in real estate, he directs that after death his body shall be cremated, and the ashes given in charge of the captain of the German ocean steamer *Ebbe*. At mid-ocean, some passenger is to be requested to ascend to the topmast, pronounce a benediction, and scatter the ashes to the four winds, in the presence of all on board the ship. Accounts of this ceremony are to be published in the Pittsburg papers, continues Mr. Retharge, somewhat inconsistently, "so that my friends in this city shall know of my burial-place." We hope they may be able to find it.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON, the English poet, novelist and essayist, whose death occurred last week, came of a poetical family. His ancestor, John Marston, was a poet and dramatist in the Elizabethan days, and his father, Dr. Westland Marston, was the author of several poems of merit. Philip Marston was born in London, in 1850. He was handsome in his babyhood, and Miss Muloch—his godmother, by-the-way—addressed a poem to his babyship, which began:

"Look at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip, my king."

Through an accident received while playing, his eyes were injured when he was but three years old, and his vision was impaired. As he approached manhood he became totally blind. As an author he was successful from the first. He was for years a favorite contributor to the FRANK LESLIE publications.

THE corporation of Stratford-on-Avon has decided upon the site and the design for a drinking-fountain, which is the jubilee gift of Mr. George W. Childs to Shakespeare's town. The structure will be of granite, 50 feet high, the base being 28 feet in diameter, and in the upper part, 4. It is to be faced by an antique clock, with an archway under the centre cut through the base and wide enough for one vehicle. Underneath, beside a drinking-trough for horses, is a smaller one for dogs. At the entrances are cups. Upon the panel of the base is the inscription, "The gift of an American citizen, George Washington Childs, of Philadelphia, to the town of Shakespeare, in the jubilee year of Queen Victoria." There are to be four mottoes cast. One will be from Washington Irving's description of Stratford-on-Avon: another, this Shakespearean line from *Timon*, "Honest water that ne'er left any man in the mire." The site is in the open market-place, near Rother Street, midway between centre-town and the great railway station, and within five minutes' walk of Shakespeare's house and churchyard.



1. PUTTY ALLEY. 2. SCENE IN A TENEMENT IN PUTTY ALLEY. 3. RESCUE OF CHILDREN FROM A DRUNKEN MOTHER.

NEW YORK CITY.—THE WORK OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN—SCENES AND INCIDENTS

FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 21.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE GRAND MASQUERADE BALL OF THE ARION SOCIETY, AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, FEBRUARY 17TH—SCENE AT 2 A. M., LOOKING FROM THE DRESS CIRCLE.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 23.

A Million-Dollar Stake.

By REBECCA FORBES STURGIS.

Author of "A Miserable Mistake," "His Enemy's Daughter," "Adam Tahnage's Wife," "A Husband of the Period," etc.

CHAPTER X.

IT was about twelve o'clock one bright day that Madeline opened her eyes. They gazed straight into the face of a friend who was watching her eagerly.

"Dr. Lippincott!" she exclaimed, feebly.

A light broke over the doctor's face.

"You are all right, and all safe, Miss Marsden," he said, as quietly as his emotion would allow him. "Do not try to talk. Close your eyes and sleep, and I will stay here beside you."

An expression of fear swept over her face, and this was followed by one of peace. Her eyes closed, and in a short time she had fallen into a health-bringing sleep.

Robbins had witnessed the scene, and he rushed to his office in headlong haste.

"Good news, my boy!" he cried to Bogardus, who sat there awaiting his appearance. "She has come through as sane as we are!"

Bogardus made no response.

He arose, walked out, went to the office, and bent over his desk. But it was not figures he was trying to examine; he was whispering to himself that he was not only an imbecile, but a heartless wretch. He would rather have had his human picture as it was than to relinquish all claims to a stranger.

His father could not account for the change that had come over his son. He was moody most of the time; only once in a while relapsing into anything like his old-time cheerfulness.

"To wander about so much spoils a man!" he thought to himself. "He is not like he was when a boy, and yet he does not seem to have contracted any vice."

The weeks glided by. After such a severe illness, Madeline's recovery was very slow, and Lippincott absolutely refused to allow her to speak of the past at all.

He was happy in her presence. Every time he came near, he forgot all about poor Bess. She drifted completely from his mind, and he lived on the sight of his fair patient. Bogardus was consumed with jealousy. He could not even get a glimpse of Madeline now. He did not want to betray himself to her, and she either another man's wife, Lippincott's betrothed, or an immensely wealthy heiress.

"I can imagine how she would look at a fellow who had knocked around the world as I have done, if she was free," he would add as a climax.

Robbins, being only a looker-on, understood the whole state of affairs, and his sympathy went out to Bogardus.

"But, then, there she is, married already!" he would add. "It is an awful muddle!"

"Surely I may speak now, Dr. Lippincott," Madeline observed, one day. "I know it cannot hurt me so much as the uncertainty does. How did I come here, and where am I? Your face is the only familiar one I see."

"You are in New York," he answered, slowly.

"I suspected that much; but I am positive I have not been here all the time, unless I have had an awful dream."

"Perhaps you have dreamed in part," he responded, guardedly. "You know you have been very ill," he added.

"I am aware of that, and of many other things also. Where is my stepfather?"

"I do not know."

"Will you tell me what you do know?" she asked. "I can then best supply what is lost. I am sure the 6th of January must be long past."

For an instant Lippincott mused. Yes, he must comply with her demands. He told her of the notice he had read in the paper, and of his fruitless visit; of his meeting with Jane, and then of his summons to visit her where she now found herself.

"Where is the man who brought me here?" she queried.

"I think he has gone off again," he responded, thankful that the man had not lingered near. "But the marriage?" he inquired. "Were you married?"

"No, most decidedly not. I will try to tell you. On the 24th, I was not feeling well at all. I was tired, and overcome with fears of my stepfather. He had been watching me so suspiciously that I was alarmed. My only trust was in you. That night he came to me and asked how I was feeling. Then he told me he wished I would marry Putney. I refused. He tried to persuade me, but I was obdurate. After he had exhausted all his power of persuasion, Putney came in. 'You need not worry her,' he exclaimed. 'I am done with concealment. If she does not wish to have me, so much the worse for her.' When they went out I tried to summon a servant; no one answered my call. I attempted to leave my room—I was a prisoner. My whole thought was to communicate with you; but how? My stepfather came in. He sat down beside me; he looked as if I had never seen him before—a man goaded to desperation. 'I want you to put on your hat and come with me,' he said. I put it on. I was glad to get out on the street. There I meant to brave all by crying for assistance; but he gave me no chance. A carriage stood at the door; I was put in, he sprang to the seat beside me, and held a sponge to my nose. When I again became conscious, I was in a strange room and alone. From there I was taken to a boat, and kept in a half-stupefied condition. I could hear, but not understand. I don't know what my condition was next, nor where I went to; but I have a dim remembrance of a brutal face."

"Who, then, could have been married under your name to Putney?" Lippincott exclaimed. "A wedding really took place. I have seen the minister, and traced the coachman who took the couple to the boat. Try, Miss Marsden, to think more clearly. Could they have made you go through the ceremony by the use of any drug?"

"I am positive," she replied. "If the wedding took place on the 25th, I was not there." For a few moments Lippincott was buried in thought.

"Let us dismiss the subject now," he observed, "and to-morrow we will talk again. There has been treachery and a crime, but you are now safe with friends who will see you righted."

"How good you have always been to me!" she said, gratefully.

Lippincott blushed hotly. At that moment, Bess, with her face sweet as an apple-blossom, seemed to rise before him.

"I am a traitor," he thought. "My soul! Madeline is free, and I—am bound!"

He arose to his feet.

"Dr. Robbins will be scolding me next for allowing you to tire yourself!" he exclaimed. "I will go before he comes in."

He could not resist touching her hand, so he shook hands as he was going out.

Poor Bogardus! if he could have seen the light in Lippincott's face he would have been mad with jealousy. In his own office, Lippincott determined on his next move. He went for Jane Wilson, and told her he would like to have her and the other maid who had waited on Miss Marsden call at Dr. Robbins's residence, giving her the number, on the following day at ten o'clock. Then he drove around to see the minister who performed the ceremony, and asked him to attend at the same time.

"You know," he said, in explanation of the singular nature of his request, "that I came to you a few months ago about the marriage of Miss Marsden and Mr. Putney. I had reasons to believe then that there had been something irregular, perhaps criminal, in the case. I was sure that Miss Marsden had not married. I have a lady I wish you to see, and, if you can, recognize. You would know the lady you married?"

"Most assuredly," was the response.

Lippincott told Robbins what he had done, and they decided to call in a legal friend as a witness.

"If Putney really married her, he did it while she was drugged; but I do not believe she was ever in that house after her stepfather took her out."

Madeline was anxious for the arrival of the minister. At the appointed hour of the following day, Rev. Mr. Halsey was ushered into the room where she awaited him.

"Did you ever see this lady before?" the doctor asked, as the minister advanced.

He looked intently at the patient, who had recovered her usual ease.

"Never, to my knowledge," he responded.

"Is not this the lady you united in marriage to Mr. Putney on the night of the 25th of last December?"

"I am positive it is not. The other lady, though about the same size, bore no resemblance whatever to this one."

"Oh, I am so thankful!" Madeline exclaimed.

"I have been so afraid!"

"Please be seated a moment," Dr. Robbins said to the minister, and in a moment the door opened, and two women were ushered in. It was Jane Wilson and her friend. They glanced hurriedly over the room, then cried:

"Oh, my dear Miss Marsden, whatever has happened?"

Madeline held out her hand.

"I have been very sick, Jane," she said, quietly.

"I am glad to see you and Ellen."

"I cannot understand this," Mr. Halsey ejaculated. "What did I do that night?"

"Helped a couple of scoundrels to steal a fortune and hide the heiress," the doctor responded, coolly.

"I cannot believe it! I shall be afraid ever to marry another couple!"

"Are you married to that man?" Jane ventured to ask.

"No, indeed!"

"Oh, I am so thankful like!" she returned.

"He was a snake, a reptile!" and then remembering that there were other people present, she bowed and turned. Dr. Lippincott.

"That will do, Jane!" he said. "I wished to prove to Mr. Halsey that the marriage which took place on Christmas night was not between Miss Marsden and Mr. Putney."

The girls retired, and in a little while the rest of the party also departed.

Before this, Madeline had given no thought to her fortune. She had never dreamed that it had in all probability been stolen from her.

Lippincott did not return that day, and during the time of his absence Madeline was plunged in thought. Some one had been substituted by Putney, and with consent of her stepfather, and she had been carried away, to remain an idiot until she died. She could understand very well that Mr. Ingraham would prefer to stop without actually taking her life—as if such an existence as he deemed her to was not worse than death!

"And you are no worse for the excitement?" Lippincott inquired, the next day.

"I am no worse. I think I am even better," she returned, with a smile. "I begin to understand now what yesterday's proceedings meant, and I am anxious to know how they have succeeded—what their next move was. I have a friend who can give me all the rest of the desired information."

"You have?" Lippincott ejaculated. "Who is it?"

"Mr. Frothingham, the banker. He knew my father, and he has always known me. I have been to his office frequently with my—Mr. Ingraham."

"Frothingham, the banker!"

"Yes; he will know what disposition they have made of my wealth. I do not believe they would withdraw it from his care, for fear of raising suspicions, and it could not be invested better than at present."

After a little further discussion they concluded to make no more inquiries until Madeline was able to ride down to Mr. Frothingham's office.

The days passed by quickly. Madeline became very much attached to Mrs. Robbins, and found her a very pleasant companion. Although she was not in need of his care, Lippincott called on his daily rounds, and made visits of a length that would have astonished his other patients. While he was there, he was happy, and the world seemed all sunshine. When he was elsewhere, he was torn with conflicting emotions. He could not forget Bess. He wished often that he might, if only for a time. He could see her eyes, wistfully reading his face, wherever he went.

"I am a scoundrel," he would say to himself; "and I always prided myself on my honor."

Then he would think of Madeline Marsden. She was always the same—ever pleased to see him, ever grateful for his kindness and the interest he took in her; but further than that, he could not detect any difference in her treatment of him and her other friends.

A week later, and Madeline visited the banker's office. He arose to greet her warmly.

"I am happy to see you, Mrs. Putney!" he exclaimed, quickly; "and more happy to see that you have recovered your health! The last time I saw Mr. Ingraham, he was very much worried about you. When did you return?"

He had talked so fast, she had not been able to answer him, and even now he spoke again, casting a glance at Dr. Lippincott:

"Mr. Putney, I presume?"

Madeline colored, and then smiled.

"My friend, Dr. Lippincott," she said; and then observed: "I have called to see when you last saw or heard of my stepfather."

"Ah?" he stammered, thinking something must be wrong. "I saw him—let me think—the day before last Christmas. I heard from him about a month ago; that is, he drew on us for a sum of money. Is anything wrong?"

"I think there is," she replied, gravely. "I am not Mrs. Putney, Mr. Frothingham; and I have never been married. That marriage was a bogus affair."

"Never been married!" he exclaimed. "My dear madam, are you not joking me?"

The perspiration started to his brow. Could the firm of Frothingham have been imposed on?

"I am in earnest, Mr. Frothingham. Have they drawn much from you?—made any different disposition of the bonds?"

"I am too astounded to answer," he returned, rubbing his brow. "No, as yet they have not drawn very largely. I cannot understand it! Are you sane, madam?"

"I hope so."

"I must tell you, then, just on what grounds I stand. The day before Christmas, Mr. Ingraham called on me. He had been here a few weeks previous, and told me how very miserable you were. Then, at his last visit, he informed me that you had quite suddenly decided to marry Mr. Putney, and go to Europe to escape our trying Winter and Spring. He added that the affair was to be strictly private on account of your delicate health, or he would have liked me to give away my old friend's daughter. I felt sorry for him and for you, and sent up the next morning a trifling present for the bride, with my best wishes. The following day, as I read the notice of the marriage in the paper, I believed everything was straight; and so I have honored several checks that have been presented, signed by Mr. Ingraham and by Mr. Putney."

He turned to his cash-book, and looked it over carefully.

"In all, they have had five thousand dollars," he added. "Now, I beg of you to inform me what this strange affair means."

Madeline commenced at the beginning, telling him how her mother had faded and died from some mysterious disease; then, of her brother; and how at last she had been attacked in the same way; of her consultation with Dr. Lippincott, the conversation she overheard, and the discovery she had made of the poisonous nature of the rare plant she had cherished; with the details of that 24th of December, and all the subsequent events.

The old gentleman kept rubbing his brow like one dazed.

"I can scarcely understand or comprehend it," he ejaculated. "Such villainy to be carried on right here in our midst! My dear Miss Madeline, why did you not send for me? I would have had the old viper hanged!"

"If I had sent for you, Mr. Frothingham," she retorted, "you would, in all probability, have joined with Mr. Ingraham in calling me insane. You could not have done otherwise. He was always so affectionate to me," here her voice became husky, "that I could scarcely give credence to it myself; and the thought of his deceit hurts me worse than the attempted crime. I always had believed he loved us!"

"You are correct in your surmise. I, too, believed him a most devoted husband and father. I thought your mother had chosen wisely for her second marriage."

"He is in Europe now?" Madeline questioned. "I think he is. He was there a month ago. I do not believe he will venture back."

"What danger can he apprehend?" she questioned. "He believes me either insane or dead."

"Still I do not believe he will come back. Criminals are apt to be careful of their precious selves."

"If you hear from them, you will let me know?" Madeline observed, as she arose to leave.

"I most assuredly shall. I advise you to put

the affair in the hands of a detective immediately. Such crimes should not go unpunished."

"I will think of it," she responded, gravely.

After Madeline returned home she detailed to the doctor and his wife all the conversation that had taken place at the banker's office.

"If I could punish Putney alone, I would," she added, speaking of Frothingham's advice. "But that could not be done separately. I shall leave them for their sin to find them out. They will get no more of the wealth they have schemed and sinned for. Oh, my poor, poor mother! This would have broken her heart."

When she was alone with Mrs. Robbins, she stopped suddenly in the middle of the conversation to say:

"There is one thing more, Mrs. Robbins, that I want to do. I wish to thank the man who rescued me, and brought me here. I know I must appear ungrateful, but I am not. Do not you believe your husband could get me his address?"

"I am sure I cannot say," she returned. "I understood from him that the gentleman did not remain in town. He was a great wanderer."

Several times Madeline had spoken of him, but as Robbins had not given any definite information, save that he was a traveler, his wife had drawn that conclusion herself.

"I am very anxious. Only think where I might have been now!" she added, with a sigh.

(To be continued.)

FLORIDA IN DECEMBER.

EXPERIENCE OF A TRAVELER IN SEARCH OF A HEALTHY WINTER RESORT IN THE LAND OF ALLIGATORS, ORANGES AND SUNSHINE.

DE LAND, FLORIDA, January 20th, 1887.

THE experienced traveler who arrives in Florida for the first time, and journeys extensively through the State, has many unexpected and surprising revelations in store for him. If his experiences should be anything like my own during the first month of my travels, from the 10th of December to the 10th of the present month, I think he would be disposed to affirm in very plain and emphatic language that Florida was at least anything but the Elysium that railroad guide-books and all such literature represent it to be. The man who should come prepared to shed his heavy underclothes, his heavily lined top coat, and all of the other appurtenances of outer protection from the keenest blasts of a Winter's day in New York, would be very badly "sold" indeed. If, like your correspondent, he should be continually on the move, and forced to take up his residence day after day at the "palatial" hotels "surrounded by extensive orange groves," and provided with all of the "modern appliances for comfort," the table "supplied with all of the luxuries of the season," and with "Northern meats only," and if there was in addition a "shady live oak grove right in front of the house," and if the hotel, further, had "a free hack at the train and steamboats to show you the house"—why, what more, one would think, could mortal man require? But the experienced traveler would even under such glowing circumstances be disposed to ask himself or some one else what combination of circumstances had induced him to make a fool of himself and visit such a country. If, emerging from his hotel at, say, about nine o'clock in the morning, he should desire to stroll through the orange grove and toy with the balmy tropical breezes while he plucked the golden fruit to his heart's content, he would find a breeze cold enough to freeze an Esquimaux, and piercing enough, notwithstanding his heavy Winter clothing, to drive him quickly—not to the "shady live oak grove right in front of the house," but to a great roaring fire of blazing turpentine pine logs, and there, while contemplating the tropical scenes in the guide-books, he could amuse himself by studying the problem, Is this tropical Florida?

But the Florida climate has two distinct sides, like the girl in the nursery-book, who,

"When she was good, she was very good."

But when she was bad she was shocking."

During my continuous travels from the 10th of January to the present date, I have seen another Florida. I have seen the real Florida of the books. An enchanting Florida. A land of sunshine and warmth; a land of clear skies and breezes as luxurious and balmy as I ever experienced in the most favored spots of the Mediterranean or Adriatic at their most favored seasons. My experience simply indicates that I visited the State in the very worst month of the year. The middle of January, when the mocking-birds sing, as I heard them some weeks ago, is the time to visit Florida. The anticipated release from the Northern chilling blasts, and the actual experience encountered, so like dropping from the frying-pan into the fire, sours the temper of many a Northern visitor, and it is not to be wondered that many leave the country in disgust after such an experience. The most tantalizing part of the business, too, is the fact that even after a raw, damp, chilly, miserable day during December, the day following will open up with brightness and sunshine, and even during the course of a single day such changes will occur. Upon the 17th day of December, at 9 A. M., I walked through a grove, tightly buttoned up as in the North when the thermometer is at zero, and at one o'clock the same day I stood for two hours on a dock near Leesburg, on Lake Harris, fishing in my shirt-sleeves—and caught a good many fish, too. The next day I made a tour of the lake itself, by steamer, and in an atmosphere that reminded me of the golden climate of Constantinople.

A description of my actual experiences during a period covering nearly two months will convey a very accurate idea of the general appearance, surroundings and conditions of the many hotels, hamlets, villages, towns and cities in Florida, for they vary as much in merit as the climate in December.

Among the principal places visited in that period are the following, viz.: Jacksonville, Palatka, Sanford, Enterprise, Tavares, Mt. Dora, Leesburg, Ocala, Yalaha, Eldorado, Winter Park, Orlando, Kissimmee City, Lake Land, Plant City, Tampa, Orange City, De Land, Lake Helen, Pablo Beach, Fort George, and St. Augustine. These, to be sure, are only a few of the hundreds of both new and old places that clamor loudly, "Come and see us, and behold perfection!" If you go to Tampa, and don't find it an earthly paradise, the enterprising and enthusiastic hotel-keeper or real-estate man will ask you to drive for only five

mortal hours through flat, monotonous, swampy pine woods, to feast your eyes upon the "loveliest spot, sir, that human eye ever rested on"; and in two or three of these never-to-be-forgotten places, or loveliest spots of extremest loveliness, into which we were beguiled, we could only procure a very shocking brand of New England sardine and a soda-cracker for dinner, while we reveled in the visible enjoyment of swamps that would charm the heart of the best-developed alligator that ever lifted his ugly head above the placid waters of the St. John's River.

The hotels in a majority of the places visited are nothing more or less than what is known in the West as the "yaller tavern," crude and rough, with nothing to eat and no provision whatever for the accommodation of invalids during cold weather; and in many parts of Florida, even after sultry days, flies are actually a necessity both mornings and evenings. There are some good hotels, and a few of them first-class; but the wretched ones predominate. The same may be said of the so-called winter resorts themselves. Many of them are surrounded by endless lakes and swamps, and are anything but wholesome or healthy. Many places that are very desirable for the sportsman, the orange-grower, the speculator or the business man, are entirely unsuitable for the sick, or of that very large class of people who come to Florida to improve their health.

Among the class alluded to, there are none so numerous as those who are affected with lung troubles, catarrh, asthma, incipient consumption, etc., besides those who are delicate by nature, and cannot withstand the rigors of Northern Winters. To this class of people we should do injustice were we to indicate without full investigation any locality possessing special inducements, and, for their benefit, we say there may be, and there doubtless are, other spots as favored as De Land or Lake Helen; but if there are, we have not seen them.

DE LAND.

This new town lies on a high plateau that is twenty miles long and about five wide. It was founded by Mr. H. A. De Land, of Fairport, New York, a gentleman so widely known through Florida and New York State that it is almost superfluous to state that he is an earnest Christian and man of honor, who absolutely uses his wealth in the work of doing good and promoting the happiness and bettering the condition of every man with whom he comes in contact. He is a scholar as well as a philanthropist. Ten years ago he visited the place where the town named after him now stands. He then had little idea that he should ever see grow up before his eyes as handsome and interesting a city of its size as the most experienced traveler ever succeeded in finding in his explorations through this or any other State in the Union. A town with three hotels, none of them pretensions, but one of them—the Parceland House—comfortable, cozy, home-like, with a table good enough for the most fastidious, and at very reasonable prices. Mr. William Gibson, owner of the Gibson House, Cincinnati, will endorse every word said about this hotel, and he has not one cent invested in Florida. The other two hotels, by common report, are equally good. De Land possesses every possible element that a cultured or refined person could seek for. It possesses an Academy, with teachers inferior to none. It is in reality a college appointed to meet every requirement for both sexes. A large building, Stetson Hall, has just been completed within the college grounds, and is provided with dormitories, dining-rooms, etc., for the convenience of pupils. The town has eight churches representing the leading denominations. In fact, the fame of De Land and its College has earned for the place the name of the "Learned City." There are no saloons, but in their place are book, jewelry, hardware, dry-goods, grocery and other stores, each and every one of which is as far superior to those to be seen in other towns of Florida as De Land itself is superior to every place we have seen in the State. Wide streets, straight avenues, charming cottages, tastefully arranged grounds, happy, contented, thriving, industrious, moral people, are the prominent features of De Land. A healthy moral tone pervades the place and the atmosphere; but above and beyond all is the superb situation. Far from great stagnant bodies of water, free from low, swampy lands, the visitor can stand on any street or avenue leading out of the city and see, as far as the eye can reach, great pine forests, looking like the parks surrounding the mansions of the great in England, stretching away in the distance; and in whatever direction we walk or ride, the same views present themselves to the delighted eye. We say nothing of the orange groves, for we find them everywhere; but of the general healthfulness of the place at this time and season of the year, too much cannot be said. The town boasts of possessing residents who live here during the entire year, and who came from thirty-two different States of the Union, besides a few from Scotland, England, Wales and Germany.

Among the Northern and Western people who have elegant homes in the city and immediate vicinity, are the following: John B. Stetson, the well-known hat manufacturer of Philadelphia; C. P. Williams, of New York; A. D. McBride, of Rochester, N. Y.; Rev. David Moore, D.D., Geneva, N. Y.; Frederick Goodrich, the banker, of Alpine, Mich.; G. A. Draker, of Philadelphia; William Clapp, of Kansas; O. N. Hull, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa; George Hulst, of Long Island; Dr. H. H. Gillen, of Wabash, Ind.; and John Gerkin, of New York city.

LAKE HELEN.

The distance from De Land to Lake Helen is five miles. This village, only two years old, looks down on a small and pretty lake, which lies immediately in front of the main line of cottages. The only single advantage this place can claim over De Land is the little lake, which is about three-quarters of a mile in length. In all other respects it is a duplicate of the latter as far as it has grown, and it has tripled itself within the past year. It possesses a good hotel—the Harlan House—where vegetables and milk of the best quality can be obtained fresh and without stint. Mr. De Land is also the founder of Lake Helen, and the place is named after his only daughter. It is to his enterprise the traveler or invalid is indebted for the ample provision made for comfort and entertainment. Another feature of Lake Helen is that most of the residences are built directly among the pines, thus giving each the appearance of being surrounded by a park; or, in other words, it may be said to be a town scattered through a park. The banks of the lake being exceptionally high for Florida, the appearance of the town from its surface is almost bewitchingly beautiful. Boats are provided, cushioned and upholstered, like those at Asbury Park, and they are free to the hotel guests. Among the prominent people who own residences at Lake Helen, and who are partly or all the year round residents, are: Professor J. Willis Westlake,

of Millersville, Pa.; J. P. Mace, Wyoming, Ohio; Samuel Currier, Bridgeport, Conn.; F. E. Nettleton and Colonel U. G. Schoonmaker, of Scranton, Pa.; E. F. Gould, banker, of Saginaw, Mich.; M. L. Granville, Washington, D. C.; Albert Baker, flion, N. Y.; C. B. Pelton, Illinois; Berlin H. Wright, Penn Yan, N. Y.; D. W. Bowman, Phoenixville, Pa.; Mrs. Andrews, of Wisconsin; J. B. Cluff and Mr. Hurst, of Cleveland, O.

HOW TO REACH DE LAND AND LAKE HELEN.

The only direct route from New York is by the Atlantic Coast line via Washington, Richmond, Charleston and Savannah, to Jacksonville. The trains by this route always arrive punctually on time. At Jacksonville the traveler changes to the fast trains of the Jacksonville, Tampa and Key West Railway, and in a few hours is landed at either De Land or Lake Helen, from either of which he will depart only with regret. D. J. K.

WESTERN LAKE SUPERIOR.

ITS MARVELOUS NEW CITIES—THE APOSTLE ISLANDS—INDIAN CIVILIZATION.

TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND people, during two years, have settled around Ashland, Wis., within a radius of fifty miles. This increase of population is the outcome of the almost abnormal growth of the mining interests. Little fishing-hamlets have become cities, and awkwardly wear their unexpected honors. In addition to summer visitors, come the brain and brawn of every clime, at the rate of 1,000 per month. An enormous shipping and railway interest has suddenly developed, not sufficient by half for the new interests involved. A chain of young giants—Bayfield, Washburn, Ashland, Hurley, Bessemer, and Wakefield—swell the roar of industry where two years ago all was silent save the knock of the woodpecker on the closed doors of the forest tree.

BAYFIELD.

is the most northern village of Wisconsin. Its growth has been continuous in the face of sharp competition. It has some mining, more in possibility than otherwise, but its chief industry is the fisheries, celebrated in all markets. Its brownstone quarries are also famous for having assisted Chicago to rise phoenix-like out of its 1871 ashes. This brownstone will stand a pressure of 3,650 pounds to the square inch. In Bayfield County there are still two and a half billion feet of pine timber standing and falling rapidly. Of seventy-five miles of coast round this county, fifty are good protected harbor line. W. F. Dalrymple, the Dakota wheat king, had sufficient faith in this at one time to invest in several miles of lake frontage for docks, elevator and transfer railway. He may have to wait some time, as Bayfield is evidently content to be a summer resort, lumber and fish dock. The county mines, although originally sunk for copper, yielded silver and gold, which reversed the operation of asking for bread and getting a stone. Bayfield has large lumber interests, a waterworks supplied by mountain springs, a medium-sized, well-kept summer hotel (the Island City), numerous docks, a weekly newspaper with a Shakespearean editor, and the usual objects common to ambitious young cities. A lofty hill rises in the rear, and on its very apex is a high tower from which an enormous area of bays, islands, channels and habitations is visible. Bayfield was once a quaint old town, built thirty years ago. It has a picturesque position, although its inhabitants prefer living at the water's edge rather than on the hilltop amid the sunlight, air and magnificent views to be obtained at an altitude of 700 feet. An ancient Franciscan church stands on the brow of the bluffs.

THE APOSTLES.

The twenty-two Apostle Islands in the vicinity are about as uninhabited as they were over two hundred years ago, when Pere Marquette preached to the Indians. If he could look at Madeline Island to-day, he would find most of the structures in a state of decay, and the settlement a fossil which an occasional traveler looks upon in momentary haste and gets away from as speedily as possible. The Franciscan monk, in cowl and gown, has possession, and conducts worship in the Chippewa dialect. Antiquities are scarce enough in this country, so let the monk and island continue to petrify as rapidly as convenient. This is not an article of chestnuts, and I am not good at rehearsing the worn-out tales of others, so the reader must learn of Madeline Island, with its legends of Pere Marquette, General Lewis Cass, John Jacob Astor, etc., in guide-books and rusty histories.

The remaining Apostles are not so large as the Madeline, although Breague Isle approaches it in size; but as a group they form a natural and needed barrier for Chagamegon Bay. Beautiful in brownstone shore-lines and covered forests and good soil, it seems strange that they have been so long unutilized. Occasionally an island has a fishing-camp or lighthouse, but otherwise the thunder of the surf against their frowning walls is silent for want of ears.

WASHBURN.

is a mistake, planted on the Chagamegon Bay, opposite Ashland. It was started some time ago by a well-meaning railway, and boomed for a metropolis. The Gogebic Iron Range came to the rescue of Ashland and blighted Washburn. The Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Railway built a large elevator here, and a big dock. For a time the town grew rapidly, and doubtless fifteen hundred people live there at present. Still, much coal and salt are kept stored at Washburn, and its lumber shipments are important. The mail in summer is conveyed in this district by the steamer *Barker*, but in the winter the sledge drawn by dogs does the business more poetically.

ASHLAND.

is the metropolis of the new Wisconsin. It is located at the foot of Chagamegon Bay, and has a population of some six thousand people, mostly the result of two years' growth. The bay at the docks is twenty feet deep, and could on any day accommodate the shipping of the Great Lakes. Its importance as a lake port is leading, because of its possession of the three largest ore-docks in the world. The first was built by the Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western Railway, at a cost of \$500,000. It is over a half-mile long, and has a capacity of 26,000 tons. There are four railways on top. The box-cars drop the ore from beneath into pockets in the dock, from which the material is run into vessel-holds. There were 750,000 tons of ore shipped from this dock during 1886, mined on the great Gogebic Iron Range. The second dock was built by the Wisconsin Central Railway, and is six feet higher. The shipping traffic in Chagamegon Bay has increased beyond the power

of vessel-owners to keep pace. The Lake Superior Transit Company alone has trebled its passenger and freight capacity.

The view along the bay at Ashland is conspicuous with many industries resulting from the newly developed resources in the Superior district. The principal residence in the city is the home of Lieutenant-governor Field, proprietor of the *Ashland Press*. In the environs of the city is the colossal bridge of the Wisconsin Central Railway. It spans the White River, and is 130 feet high and 1,760 feet long.

THE CHIPPEWA RESERVATION.

Twelve miles from Ashland is Odanah, a reservation of the Chippewa Indians. It is one of the most picturesque places about the bay. The trip can be made by boat up the Bad River, or by rail. There are numerous rice swamps in the vicinity, which the Indians annually harvest. The natives take hold of the stalks and shake the rice into their canoes. The lodges are located along the banks of the Bad River, which in summer is dotted with canoes. The Indians and half-breeds are all quite white-like, and work in the lumber camps or elsewhere as regular laborers. The Presbyterians have a mission ground and buildings at Odanah, with a nice lawn, where pretty missionaries play croquet. There are about 900 inhabitants, mostly reduced from warriors brave to squaws of industry. The home of the ex-noble lord of the forest is a semi-globe-shaped house, where his progeny at the door beat drums, variously ornamented with quaint coins, etc. The Chippewa still has lingering superstitions, one of which is seen in his cemetery. This is modernized by the presence of board huts, wherein he deposits himself when he starts for the happy hunting-grounds. A square hole at one end is kept open, in which food is placed from time to time, perhaps to be eaten by the heathen Chinese, since, in San Francisco, the Indian steals the food similarly placed by said heathen Chinese. W. H. BALLOU.

PROGRESS IN RAILROADING.

In a recent address as President of the British Institution of Civil Engineers, Mr. Edward Woods stated that the locomotives of fifty years ago contained the essential features of those of to-day, the great improvements wrought having been in constructive detail. The modern engines possess at least four times as great steaming power, coupled with six-fold weight. Compared with a modern locomotive, the "Planet" type of 1832 to 1836 had a weight of seven and a half tons instead of forty-five tons, a fire-grate area of seven square feet instead of forty square feet, a heating surface of 300 square feet instead of 1,400 square feet.

An almost incredible economy of fuel has been effected. About fifty years ago, for instance, one railway line consumed 12,600 tons per annum, while a few years later 3,100 tons sufficed for a considerably greater traffic. The tractive power has been increased five-fold, and all gradients up to one in twenty are now readily surmounted. Ordinary speeds have considerably increased, yet express and special trains run but little faster. In track-laying a mistake of the early engineers was the use of stone sleepers, making a road so rigid that rails were often broken. Steel has superseded iron for rails, at a present cost of only half that of the iron rails in 1870, while the durability is about three times as great.

THE LIQUOR CODE OF TURKEY.

A common impression prevails to the effect that the Turks, among their other virtues, number that of sobriety. This cannot be literally true, for our late Minister, Mr. Cox, has been investigating the matter. The Turks have laws upon the subject of drunkenness and its punishment, and this is one of the clauses: "Intemperance is proved either by admission of the person accused, or by witnesses who have seen him in the act of drinking. The flavor of wine from one's breath is not a sufficient proof; he may have eaten quinces, which give the same odor." Of course, every man who is fond of the bottle will lay it on quinces. It is possible that quinces supply in Turkey the place of cloves in American barrooms. Very few men will admit being drunk, even when their tongues and legs become hopelessly tangled. In view of the punishment provided in Turkey for the offense, it is presumed that quinces have to bear a heavy burden. "Punishment for intoxication is, 'good advice for the first time'; a severe admonishment for the second time; and for every subsequent time eighty blows of the cudgel over the stripped body. The striker, in operating, must not lift his hand higher than his shoulders, and the club he uses for this occasion must be a short one."

FACTS OF INTEREST.

OSTRICH-FARMING in California continues to be profitable. A car-load of big birds from Africa has recently reached Los Angeles.

WHEREVER a blindly addressed letter with "Hopper Street" on it gets into the dead-letter office, it is at once sent to Utica, because that is the only city in the country that is known to have a Hopper Street.

A SHOCK has been administered to England's Civil Service Commissioners by the discovery that certain wise gentlemen make a business of passing examinations under the names of men not so wise, and hand over the passes and clerkships secured by their wisdom to their less brainy employers.

AN international exhibition of railways and of industries connected therewith will be held in Paris from May to November next. It will be under the Honorary Presidency of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Ministers of Public Works and other departments, and of M. Ferdinand de Lesseps. The event is to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the first French railway from Paris to St. Germain. A statue will be unveiled to Mark Seguin, the original promoter, and a musical jubilee is contemplated for the opening month.

AN attempt has been made in the Maternity Hospital, Glasgow, Scotland, to raise babies in a queer way. Triplets were born there prematurely six and a half months old. They were put naked into a wooden box, divided into two compartments, upper and lower. They crawled around, or rather lay helpless, in the upper compartment, while hot-water bottles in the lower compartment kept the air as hot as any triplet could wish. A moist sponge prevented too great dryness and a thermometer regulated the supply of hot bottles. Two of the triplets have died so far. The other it is thought will live, which the doctors say he could not possibly have done if he had not been brought up by machinery.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE steamship *Great Eastern* was sold at auction in Liverpool, last week, for \$130,000.

It has been decided in the United States District Court at Chicago that it is not libelous to call a man "a crank."

ADELINA PATTI appeared at Denver, Col., the other night, before an audience which paid \$11,000 to hear her sing.

THE Ohio Legislature has passed a Bill repealing the "black" law, and the statutes providing for separate schools for colored children.

THE New York Socialists sent \$5,020 to their dissatisfied brethren in Germany, to be used in pressing the legislative fight against Bismarck and the Government.

THE New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company has decided to make a trial of the system of heating passenger-cars by steam from the locomotive.

HUTS have been constructed to shelter 100,000 French soldiers on the German frontier, and the Berlin newspapers state that as many more will be sent to Belfort.

RUSSIAN officers are investigating the reported project of the extension of the Quetta Railway to Northwest Afghanistan in order to secure an outlet for British commerce in Central Asia.

THE upper branch of the Indiana Legislature has passed a Local Option Bill which permits a vote upon the liquor question on the petition of one-tenth of the voters in each township.

THE Hungarian Government is preparing a Brandy Monopoly Bill on the model of Prince Bismarck's measure. The revenue from such a monopoly is estimated at 38,000,000 florins yearly.

THE River and Harbor Bill has been increased by the Senate Committee to which it was referred to a total of \$10,300,000, making the appropriation some \$3,000,000 more than was passed by the House.

THE Legislature of Alabama has passed a Bill making gambling a felony—the first offense to be punished by not less than six months' imprisonment in the penitentiary, and the second offense, six years.

THE Tennessee Legislature has passed a Constitutional Amendment, prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in the State. The question will now go to the people for an expression of their will.

A BILL has been introduced in the House of Representatives "to relieve the laboring classes and better their condition," by appropriating \$20,000,000 of the Government surplus for the establishment of co-operative workshops.

THE Arrow Steamship and Shipbuilding Company of New York has purchased a shipyard at Alexandria, Va., and will build a fleet of twelve iron steamships, which will be engaged in the English trade, running between New York and Liverpool.

A FATAL accident occurred on the toboggan-slide at Rutland, Vt., on Monday evening of last week. A splintered board projected into the chute, and in a collision with it, Mr. James C. Barrett, a leading lawyer, was killed, and a lady probably fatally injured.

THE ice-cutting on the Kennebec River is completed. All the companies report excellent quality and thickness. At some houses ice twenty-eight inches in thickness has been secured. The cut is about 900,000 tons, and is said to be the best crop ever harvested.

THE loss to employers and the loss of wages to the employes in the recent strike in New York foot up over six million dollars. The losses are about evenly divided between the workmen and their employers. The indirect loss to the community at large admits of no estimate.

THE Eads Tehnantepee Ship Railway Bill passed the United States Senate, last week, by a vote of 46 to 7. In its original form the Bill provided that the United States should guarantee the interest on a part of the share capital, but as passed by the Senate it grants a simple act of incorporation.

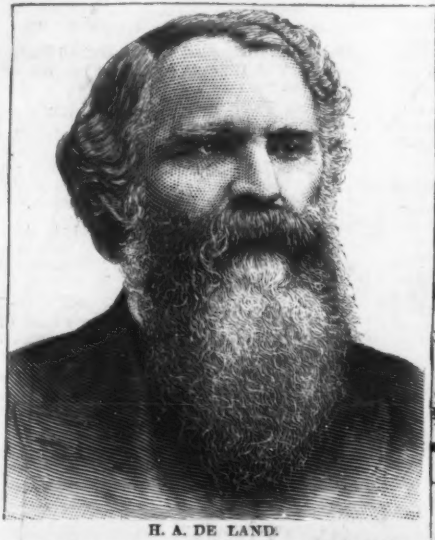
IN the British House of Commons, last week, the Tories carried a motion that the discussion of the rules of procedure have precedence over all orders of the day, thus indefinitely postponing the consideration of the Irish Question. The motion was unexpected, and many Liberals being absent, it prevailed by 242 to 107, spite of a vigorous protest from Mr. Parnell. On the same day the address in reply to the Queen was adopted by a vote of 283 to 70.

THE Knights of Labor have suffered another defeat in Boston, where the horse-car strikes have failed, and the defeated strikers are eagerly seeking employment. The attempt of Local Assemblies to "run" the Order has proved in nearly every case abortive, and it is not surprising to learn that the General Executive Board propose to assert their authority to prevent similar miscarriages in the future, and especially to put a stop to indiscriminate boycotting.

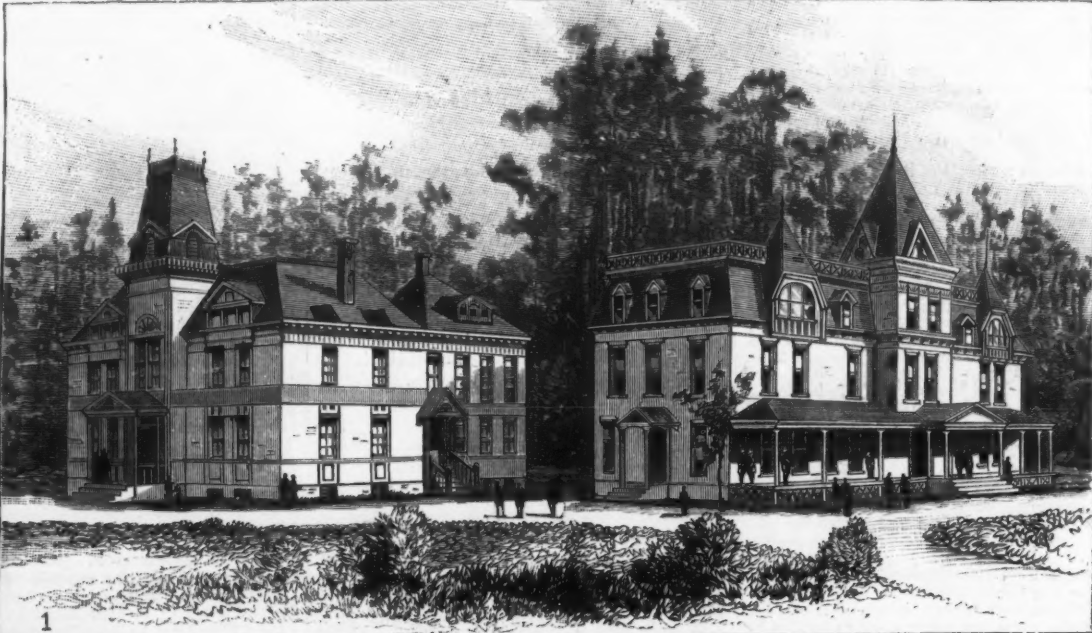
TWENTY-FIVE thousand of the 75,000 prisoners confined in the different jails throughout India were released last week as an act of clemency to commemorate the Jubilee of Queen Victoria. In selecting the prisoners to be liberated, special pains were taken to show leniency to females. All persons imprisoned for debt throughout India, in cases where the debt is under 100 rupees, were liberated also, in commemoration of the Jubilee; and in these cases the Government will pay the debts.

BARRELS are now made from paper pulp, and an inventor of the process says that the weeds and rank grasses which grow on the meadows lying between Jersey City and Newark, in New Jersey, will produce an excellent pulp for this purpose, and that thus these practically waste lands may be made productive and profitable. The cost of manufacturing the paper barrels is no greater than that of making the wooden article, and, with the patented machine, it is said that two men can produce 600 barrels in a day.

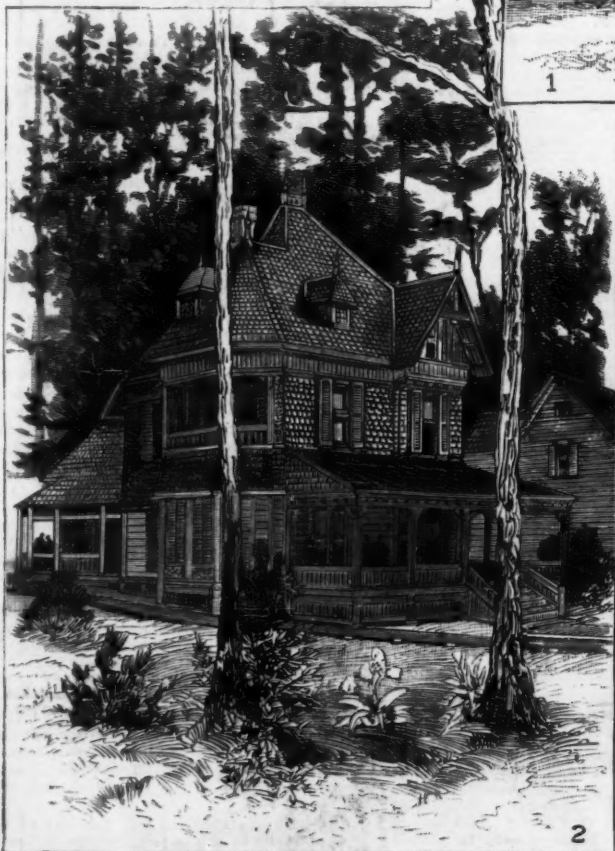
THE Legislature of Nevada has passed, with only three opposing votes, a resolution proposing a constitutional amendment whose adoption will disfranchise all members of the Mormon Church in that State. This amendment provides that no one shall be allowed to vote who will not swear that he is not a member of that Church. Such a test-oath law is in force in Idaho. A similar law was enacted in Arizona two years ago, and, in response to the recommendation of the Governor, was repealed last month.



H. A. DE LAND.



1



2



3

1. Academy Buildings, De Land. 2. Cottage, Lake Helen. 3. Boat House, Lake Helen.

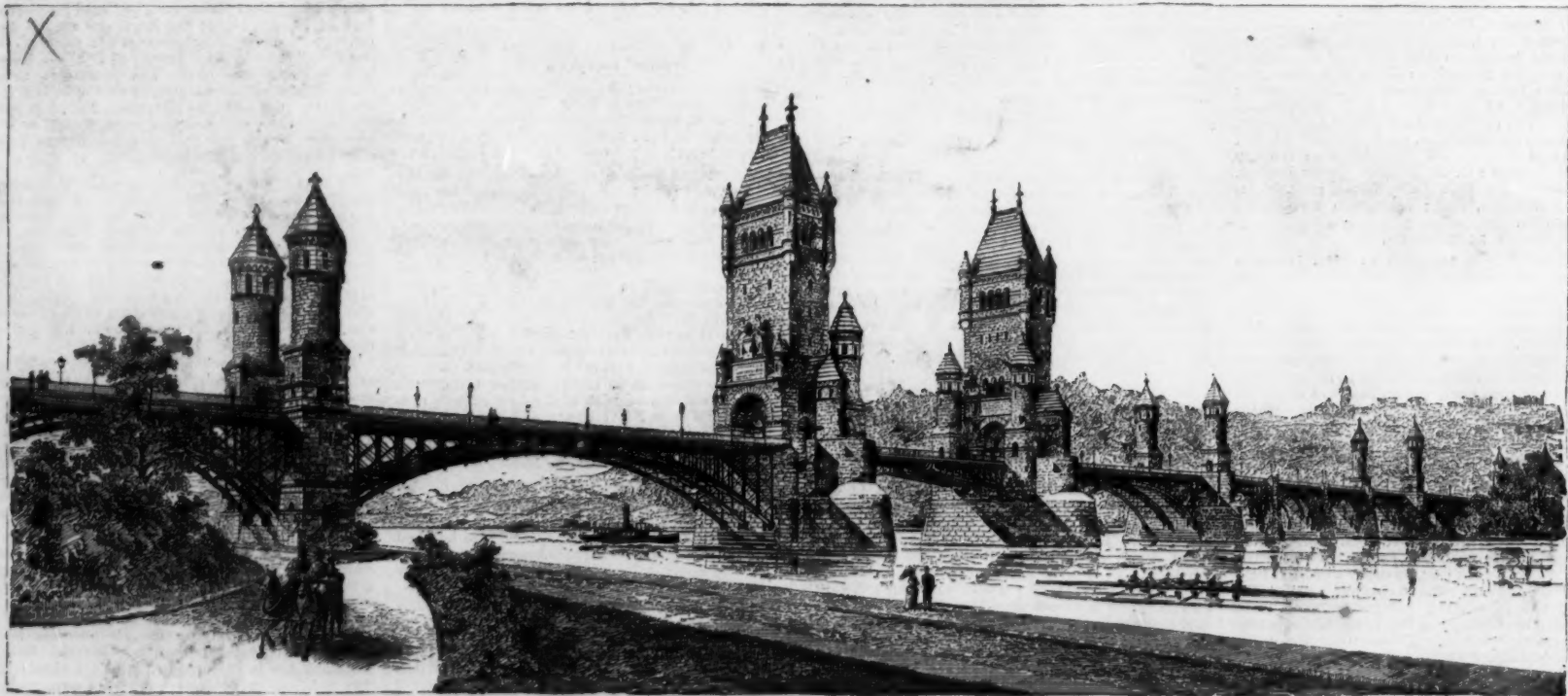
FLORIDA.—VIEWS OF DE LAND AND LAKE HELEN, NEW AND FAVORITE RESORTS.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—SEE PAGE 26.**THE GRANT MEMORIAL BRIDGE AT WASHINGTON.**

A PROJECT for commemorating the memory and fame of the late General Grant, and adding another good attraction to the National Capital, has taken the form of an appeal to Congress for money enough to build a Memorial Bridge across the Potomac, spanning the river from Observatory Hill to Arlington. Preliminary steps in this direction were taken by Ex-Governor Curtin, who introduced a Bill into the House,

providing for \$500,000 with which to begin the work. Since then, Captain T. W. Symons, of the Engineer Corps, has devoted himself to the project, and, with the assistance of Messrs. Smithmeyer and Pelz, architects, has prepared a plan for consideration. Captain Symons's plan provides for a bridge, the towers and abutments of which are to be built entirely of granite resting on a foundation of solid rock. All the arches and draws are to be of steel. The total length of the bridge will be 4,650 feet; the central bascule span, 160 feet clear width; main arch spans, 240

feet clear width; and small spans, 120 feet; carriage-way, 40 feet wide; sidewalks, 10 feet wide each. The bridge is to start from about the level of the streets on the Washington side from a point near the termination of New York Avenue, across Annapolis Island in the Potomac, and on the Arlington side connect with the roads leading off into Virginia. The formation of the land is such on both sides that the approaches to the bridge will be perfectly level, and not up a steep embankment, as is often the case. The draw will be sixty-five feet above the level of the water, allowing the pass-

age of steamboats and small sailing-vessels without opening, and when opened the two sections will fit in between the flanking towers on each side, so as to be concealed from view and at the same time be shielded from injury by the spars of passing vessels. The towers will afford ample room for several large halls over the arches, which can be appropriately utilized as places of deposit for the Grant memorials. The two valves of the draw, which is to be constructed on the bascule plan, are designed to be raised by hydraulic pressure, the machinery for which can either be

WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE PROPOSED GRANT MEMORIAL BRIDGE ACROSS THE POTOMAC.
FROM THE DESIGN OF CAPTAIN T. W. SYMONS.



CHIPPEWA HOUSE.



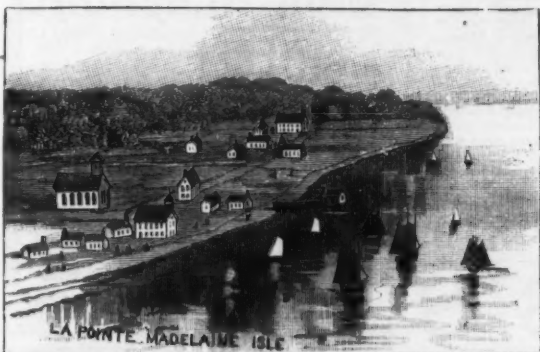
BAYFIELD, LAKE SUPERIOR.



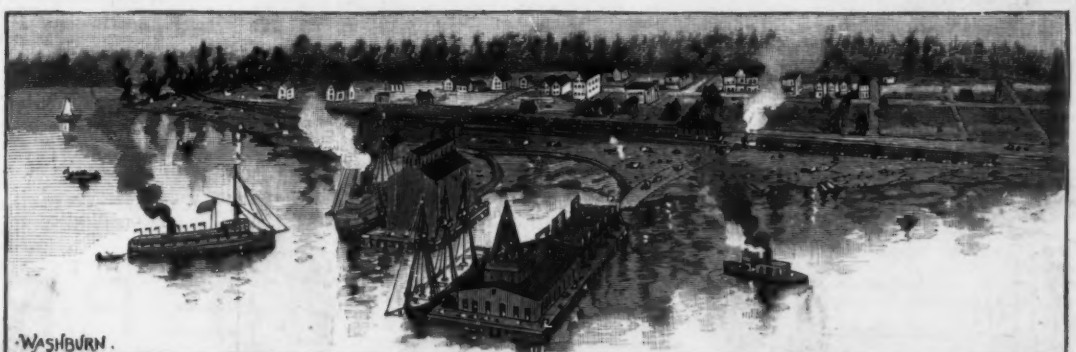
CHIPPEWA GRAVEYARD.



ASHLAND AND THE APOSTLE ISLANDS.



LA POINTE, MADELAINE ISLE.



WASHBURN.



GOV. FIELDS' RESIDENCE ASHLAND.



THE ASHLAND ORE DOCK.

WESTERN LAKE SUPERIOR AND THE APOSTLE ISLANDS.—SOME OF THE TOWNS AND INDUSTRIES OF NORTHWESTERN WISCONSIN.

FROM PHOTOS. AND SKETCHES.—SEE PAGE 27.

located on shore or in one of the towers. The cost of the Memorial Bridge, according to the plans, will be over \$1,000,000, and it is proposed to have it finished in time for dedication on the occasion of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America, in 1492.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ROME.

A Rome correspondent says: "Any one who omits for a couple of weeks to take his regular walks in the suburbs of Rome, or outside of its gates, will find, upon the resumption of his rounds, in almost every direction, fresh surprises awaiting him, not only in the numerous single structures that spring up like mushrooms from the ground in most unexpected places, but also in the extension of entire new quarters of the city, with their long avenues. This work unceasingly goes on, leveling hills and bridging valleys that were gems of picturesqueness, but which now, under the constant march of an army of destructive workmen, are fast losing all traces of former beauty in the interminable stretches of perspective sameness that are being created. Outside of the Porta Pia the great space lying between the Via Nomentana and the Via Salaria, which increases in width in ratio to its remoteness from the walls, with its exquisite undulations of land, checkered with quaint farmhouses and bits of woodland, is a centre of feverish activity in construction, and the classic ground, so many times fought over by the Romans and Veientians and their allies the Tarquins, is becoming desecrated by the huge modern structures, which already extend nearly to the banks of the Anio. The Church of St. Agnes, where is witnessed in January the interesting ceremonial of the blessing of the lambs, whose fleeces are afterwards woven into sacred vestments, was but a year ago an isolated hamlet, surrounded by a few straggling country houses, and an adjacent *osteria* or two for the comfort of the wayfarer, but is now quite connected with the city, both by the continuity of intervening buildings and the constant journeys of the freshly painted and cushioned trams, which roll along the historic way, in place of the more ancient style of vehicle. Here is a mile and a quarter of addition to the city in a single direction, along a street famous as the scene of many an ancient combat, as also for the recent entry of the Italians into Rome; while back into the space lying between it and the Via Salaria, great avenues and squares are projected, and fast developing under the busy hands of the countless laborers of both sexes, who swarm like bees to and from their hives at morn and eventide. On the opposite side of the street, and stretching away to the eastward, lie the immense villas, Torlonia and Mirafiori, with their wealth of forest and ornamental trees, which are as yet comparatively unbroken, though the woodman's ax has begun in spots the work of destruction. In other quarters, and in almost every direction from the city, the ceaseless work of building continues, perhaps more compact as to its occupation of area, but certainly not less tumultuous in the mad haste with which many of the lofty and, it should be said, insecure structures are erected.

"No one can imagine where this era of speculative construction is to end, or why Rome, simply because it is the capital of United Italy, should require to be doubled, and even trebled, as it promises to be, in size, in such an incredibly short space of time. Manufactures do not exist in such quantity as to entitle it to the name of a manufacturing city; commerce is confined almost entirely to its local and daily wants; and it would seem that the idea of its requirements in the way of so much additional dwelling-place must be Utopian in its nature, based upon some chimerical ambition that Rome, only because she is a capital, must rival other great cities of the world, and resume, in her extension, the gigantic character of her ancient imperial sway. Nevertheless, the influx of population, so far, keeps even pace with the increase of buildings, and the long rows of unsightly constructions swarm with teeming multitudes almost before the last sounds of the hammer are heard. The old Roman adage, referring to living within the dampness of new walls, and which reads, 'The first year let your house to your enemy; the second, to your friend; and the third, live in it yourself,' is daily put at defiance."

A CRUEL SPORT.

A singularly cruel sport, called "Goat," is affected by the Afghan Cavalry, according to a correspondent with the Afghan Boundary Commission, who writes: "It consists of one man seizing a goat, and riding off with it, followed by all the rest, who try to get hold of the unfortunate animal and tear off as big a piece as they can. This continues until the goat is torn to pieces, and the man who has obtained the largest portion wins the game. The game is played for a certain stated time, and the one who has the goat at the moment time is called is the winner. The way the men playing use their whips on each other and on their own and their adversaries' horses is a caution. The game, as usually played, must be a very cruel one, as the goat is seized while alive, but at Shadian the poor beast was killed beforehand—a much more merciful proceeding. The man who carries the goat has a bad time of it, and it is not an easy matter to hold it on the saddle by putting the hind legs under one thigh, and going off at a gallop with the carcass banging the flanks of his horse."

From recent developments it appears that the management of the American Exhibition in London is in good hands. From the character of the committee of artists they have selected to take charge of the Art Exhibit from this country, our exhibit will undoubtedly reflect credit on our people. Only such paintings and works of art will be sent as are pronounced by the committee the best we can produce. A glance at the names of the committee will warrant this assertion. Mr. J. Q. A. Ward is chairman. Mr. Ward's reputation in sculpture is a synonym for excellence and good work. To him we are indebted for some of our best statues, and he is now about completing a bronze figure of General Garfield. Mr. Albert Bierstadt, the secretary, as the foremost landscape painter of this country, is not only well-known throughout the length and breadth of the land, but his fame has spread abroad, he having been decorated by the Sultan of Turkey for his picture representing a "Geyser in the Yellowstone Park." The other six gentlemen are all well-known celebrities in their special lines of art, and from their reputation for fairness, honesty and good judgment, we may expect much. On the whole, the make-up of the committee bids fair to make a good showing for our Art Exhibit. While a generous invitation has been extended to artists and owners of American art works to send in whatever they may desire to exhibit, at the same time the committee reserves the right to criticize all offerings, and weed out those which in their judgment are not worthy a place in the Exhibition.

THE CHURCH WORK OF 1886.

The Philadelphia Times says: "It has been a common saying in religious circles that periods of great material prosperity are generally accompanied by a decline of religious interest. This has been attributed to various causes, the chief one being that men on a red-hot chase after money and the things that money will buy are prone to postpone the claims of religion to a season when they have nothing else to attend to. The reports of the various religious denominations of the United States for the year just closed indicate a marked change in this respect. While 1886 has been one of the most prosperous years in the history of the country from the business point of view, the various Protestant Churches report a corresponding prosperity. The Congregational Churches report 27,159 additions on profession, or more than twice the number received in 1881. The Presbyterian Church (North) received 51,177 new members on examination, or more than twice the number received in 1881. The additions to the two bodies above-named were greater than for any previous year. The Methodist and Lutheran Churches also report unusually large accessions, while each of these religious bodies, with the exception of the Congregational, report their receipts for missionary and for other purposes the largest ever known. This unusual prosperity in religious circles arises probably in a great degree from the application of systematic methods in Church work. In the past it was no uncommon thing for Churches to thaw out a little in the Winter and freeze up all the rest of the year. The tendency at present is towards sustained everyday work, beginning with the systematic instruction of the children in the Sabbath-school and following them up through youth and manhood with the watchful supervision of the Churches.

FUN.

OMAHA Herald: "One man claims to have been saved from the Vermont wreck by a drink. He lost his train by waiting for his drink. As the potion, however, was Connecticut whisky, it is questioned if he gained much."

THE best and cheapest in the world. DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP costs you only 25 cents a bottle. Mr. Charles Schreiner, Foreman of a large Meat House in Baltimore, Md., says: "SALVATION OIL acts like magic on a sprained wrist." Price 25 cts.

FOUR thinks that people who go to the theatre early should not be so thoughtless as to select the outside seats, and thus put persons coming late to great inconvenience getting to their chairs in the centre of the row.—Boston Transcript.

BUT few articles have reached such a world-wide reputation as ANGSTURA BITTERS. For over fifty years they have been the acknowledged standard regulators of the digestive organs. Their success has incited imitations. Be sure you get the genuine article, manufactured only by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

FOR THROAT DISEASES AND COUGHS.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

Like all other really good things, are imitated, and purchasers should be careful to obtain the genuine article prepared by JOHN I. BROWN & SONS, and sold only in boxes. Price 25 cents.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

A Minister's Statement.

I Expect to be Believed in All I Am About to Say—I Write for the Good of Others.

"I am now at an age when a man should speak words of truth and soberness, having reached the allotted term of three score years and ten, and having devoted my time in the pulpit and at the teacher's desk to impressing lessons of wisdom on my fellows. Mine is a common story of physical suffering and how I was delivered from it; and my desire is to mention the facts as though no one were interested save myself and those who may read these lines. Like many, and I think the majority, of men of my age, I was, until a recent date long troubled with a persistent and stubborn affection of the kidneys and bladder. I also had painful gravel deposits, and at times enlargement and inflammation of the prostate gland.

"These complications—serious even to young men—were especially momentous and threatening to me. I felt, too, that there was even less hope for me, inasmuch as medical statistics show that such diseases as mine are more perplexing and fatal in this generation than they were fifty years ago. Despite all the professional help I could get I grew steadily worse. In this extremity I first learned, through friends, of the virtues of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. But I made no haste to trust my case to this medicine. And on general principles I was right. The world is full of advertised deceptions, and how should I know that 'Favorite Remedy' was not one of them?

"I took the wise course. I privately inquired into Dr. Kennedy's personal character and professional standing. The result was more than satisfactory. I discovered him to be a highly educated and experienced physician and surgeon, respected and trusted at home and abroad—a man whose career has been a long and open success. I bought a bottle, however, taking nobody into my confidence. The manifest good effects cheered and emboldened me. I bought another, following the clear directions; and now I want to make known the good it has done me. The disease has relaxed its hold, and I look forward to spending the balance of my life free from bodily torture, and with a heart grateful for the medicine which affords me so pleasant a prospect.

REV. S. C. CHANDLER,
Lebanon Springs, N. Y.

HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR,
A Wonderful Cure for Coughs and Colds, Bronchitis, Consumption, Croup and Whooping Cough. Banishes Coughs and Colds where other remedies have failed. Keep in readiness. 5 sizes—25c., 50c., \$1. Of all druggists. Beware of counterfeits.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in One Minute. GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

WILBUR'S COCOA-THETA

The finest Powdered Chocolate for family use. Requires no boiling. Invaluable for Dyspeptics and Children. 50¢ per tin. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail for 60¢.



Infantile Loveliness

No mother who loves her children, who takes pride in their beauty, purity and health, and in bestowing upon them a child's greatest inheritance—a skin without blemish, and a body nourished by pure blood—should fail to make trial of the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, internally, are a speedy, wholesome and infallible cure for every species of torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from pimples to scrofula.

Have just used your CUTICURA REMEDIES ON ONE of my girls, and found it to be just what it is recommended to be. My daughter was all broken out on her head and body, and the hair commenced to come out. Now she is as smooth as ever she was, and she has only used one box of CUTICURA, one cake of CUTICURA SOAP, and one bottle of CUTICURA RESOLVENT. I doctored with quite a number of doctors, but to no avail. I am willing to make affidavit to the truth of the statement.

GEORGE EAST, Macon, Mich.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 Illustrations and 100 Testimonials.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

My little son, aged eight years, has been afflicted with Eczema of the scalp, and at times a great portion of the body, ever since he was two years old. It began in his ears, and extended to his scalp, which became covered with scabs and sores, and from which a sticky fluid poured out, causing intense itching and distress, and leaving his hair matted and lifeless. Underneath these scabs the skin was raw, like a piece of beefsteak. Gradually the hair came out and was destroyed, until but a small patch was left at the back of the head. My friends in Peabody know how my little boy has suffered. At night he would scratch his head until his pillow was covered with blood. I used to tie his hands behind him, and in many ways tried to prevent his scratching; but it was no use, he would scratch. I took him to the hospital and to the best physicians in Peabody without success. About this time, some friends, who had been cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, prevailed upon me to try them. I began to use them on the 15th of January last. In seven months every particle of the disease was removed. Not a spot or scab remains on his scalp to tell the story of his suffering. His hair has returned, and is thick and strong, and his scalp as sweet and clean as any child's in the world. I wish all similarly afflicted to know that my statement is true and without exaggeration.

CHARLES McKAY, Peabody, Mass.

PIMPLES, black-heads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.



For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, seamstresses, housekeepers, and over-worked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is not a "Cure-all," but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most potent Specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to women. It is a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nerve, and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists under our positive guarantee. See wrapper around bottle. Price \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00. A large treatise on Diseases of Women, profusely illustrated with colored plates and numerous wood-cuts, sent for 10 cents in stamps. Address: WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 603 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. **SICK HEADACHE**, Bilious Headache, and Constipation, promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pellets. 25c. a vial, by druggists.

EPPS'S GRATEFUL-COMFORTING COCOA

First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873. C. WEIS Mfr of Meerschau Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale and retail. Repairing done. Circular free. 399 B'way, N.Y. Factories, 69 Walker St., & Vienna, Austria. Sterling Silver-mounted Pipes, etc., made in newest designs.

DRUNKENNESS or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured in any of its stages. All desire or craving for stimulants entirely removed. Medicine can be given without knowledge of the patient, by placing it in coffee, tea or articles of food. Cures guaranteed. Send for particulars. **GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO.**, 185 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Crosby's Vitalized Phosphites

THE BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD. Cures all Weaknesses and Nervous Derangements. Used by all Physicians. DRUGGISTS OR BY MAIL, 64 WEST TWENTY-FIFTH ST., NEW YORK.

ONLY FOR Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan. Use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable. For PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY, the Infallible Skin Medicine. Send for circular. BRENT GOOD & Co., 87 Murray St., New York.

SICK HEADACHE Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 5 vials by mail for \$1.00. **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.** Sold by all Druggists.

BOKER'S BITTERS THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL Stomach Bitters. AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE. TO BE HAD IN QUARTS AND PINTS. L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manuf'r and Prop'r, 78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

Golden Hair Wash This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

What a Time

People formerly had, trying to swallow the old-fashioned pill with its film of magnesia vainly disguising its bitterness; and what a contrast to Ayer's Pills, that have been well called "medicated sugar-plums"—the only fear being that patients may be tempted into taking too many at a dose. But the directions are plain and should be strictly followed.

J. T. Teller, M. D., of Chittenango, N. Y., expresses exactly what hundreds have written at greater length. He says: "Ayer's Cathartic Pills are highly appreciated. They are perfect in form and coating, and their effects are all that the most careful physician could desire. They have supplanted all the Pills formerly popular here, and I think it must be long before any other can be made that will at all compare with them. Those who buy your pills get full value for their money."

"Safe, pleasant, and certain in their action," is the concise testimony of Dr. George E. Walker, of Martinsville, Virginia.

"Ayer's Pills outsell all similar preparations. The public having once used them, will have no others."—Berry, Venable & Collier, Atlanta, Ga.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

FOR A 2 CT. STAMP



We will send a trial sample of Williams' Bar Soap. A sure cure for Chapped Hands. Though a "Shaving Soap," it is unequalled for the Toilet. For sale by all druggists. THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn. Manufacturers for 50 years of "GENUINE YANKEE" and other celebrated Shaving Soaps.

THE MIKADO

For ten cents we will send a book containing: First, the complete words of the Mikado; Second, the music of all the best songs; Third, etchings of all the characters in the opera. These facts make it the best Mikado book published, but we send with it ten beautiful chromo cards besides, not defaced by having advertisements printed on the pictures. MACK PUBLISHING CO., 528 & 530 Washington St., New York.

A BIG OFFER. To introduce them, we will give away 1,000 Self-Operating Washing Machines. If you want one, send us your name, P. O. and express office at once. THE NATIONAL CO., 23 Dey St., N. Y.

DEAFNESS Its causes, and a new and successful CURE at your own home, by one who was deaf twenty-eight years. Treated by most of the noted specialists without benefit. Cured himself in three months, and since then hundreds of others. Full particulars sent on application. T. S. PAGE, No. 41 West 31st St., New York City.

OPIUM Habit Cured Without Pain. Never Fails. F. W. Eldred, 987 W. Adams St., Chicago.

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